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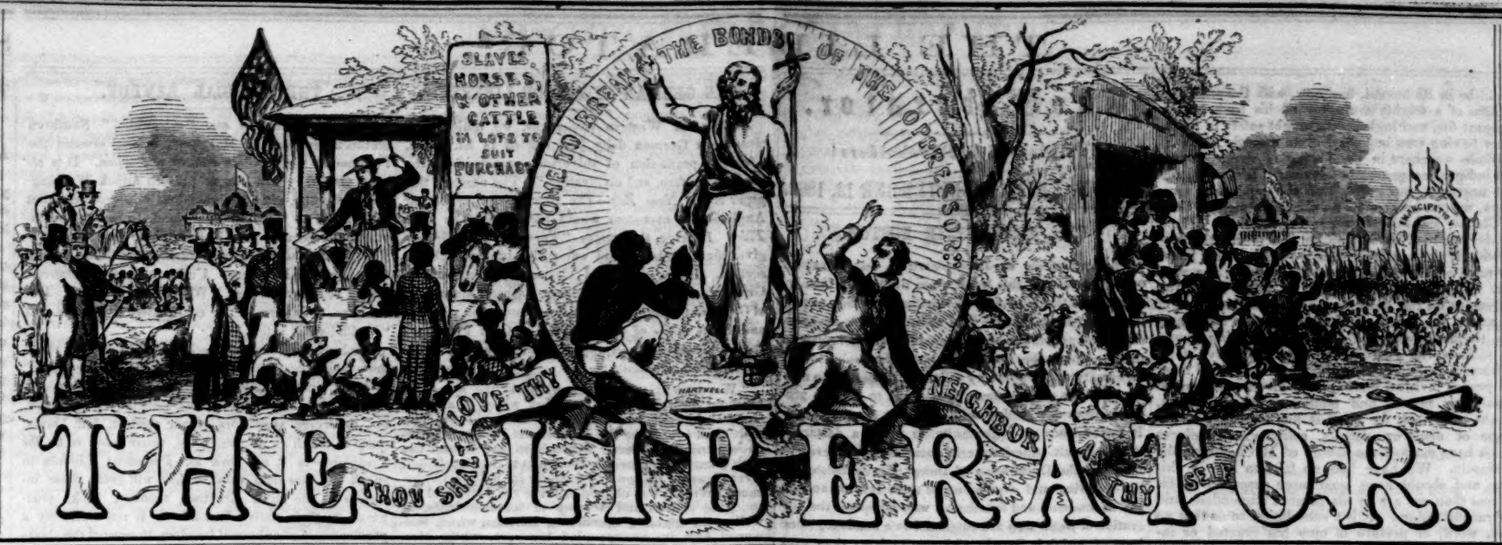
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
"I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSOR"
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

THE TREMONT TEMPLE MEETING.

That the meeting at Tremont Temple, on Thursday evening, and the speech of General Fremont, will prove the solvent, which it is calculated to be, to the shadow which remains of the Republican party—we would hope there could be no question. As to the meeting itself, no one knows, or no one confesses, who was responsible for it; and the absence of the names, among the persons who appear to have attended, of those usually prominent on such occasions as the representatives of some one phase of public sentiment, gives the gathering the character of one of those miscellaneous assemblages which curiosity will always bring together in a populous city. The expectation of seeing and hearing General Fremont, especially in a city to which he is a stranger, would naturally draw a crowd. His reception was very different from that of General Corcoran, however, who on the next day is met by the city authorities, by various committees, by numerous associations of citizens, by a general turnout of the people. General Fremont, on the other hand, comes unheralded, except by the ordinary newspaper announcements, unattended except by his special adherents, makes his speech in the evening, and the next day his candle is dimly enough burning, if at all, in the blaze which glows upon the advent of the gallant and popular Irishman. In fact, the one, in spite of considerable experience of personal suffering, advances manfully again to the support of the cause of his country—the other quits his military post upon a point of official etiquette, is found in communication with a parcel of dastardly politicians, and allows himself to be made a tool of by them for their most unpatriotic purposes.

Our readers have seen who were the chief actors in the scene at Tremont Temple, and will make their own comments. We need not say that they were all abolitionists, either on professedly moral, or on evidently political grounds; nor that the speech of General Fremont, together with those made by others who took part in the occasion, were up to the extremest Garrisonian and Phillipsian standard. There is considerable picturesqueness in the elaborate speech of Gen. Fremont, and here and there an expression occurs which would strongly indicate the aid of feminine intervention in its preparation. But it is founded upon an entirely false hypothesis. The sum of it is this—The South is entirely united against us—there *is no Union sentiment* to be found there—they unanimously believe that they are fighting for their liberties. Upon this theory, Gen. Fremont urges that we must assail them with an overwhelming force, liberate their slaves, use them in arms against their masters, conquer them at every hazard, desolate their country, exterminate them if necessary, put them to endure all the rigors of war, treat them, in fact, as victors have often treated the vanquished who strenuously resisted them, in other ages and other climes. He does not use this language, but this is the precise meaning of what he proposes.

Now, we need not say, that the Government has proceeded from the beginning upon a totally opposite theory. It has assumed, and with reason, that however anomalous was the condition of things in the Southern States, and however furious and determined was the present spirit of the rebellion, yet it must finally yield to the superior right, coupled with the superior force, of the General Government. It has assumed, and with a justice for which there is much open and more latent evidence, that a love and value for the Union was far from being extinguished in the South; and that there were causes, of eventually irresistible power, which must necessarily revive, and make that feeling predominant. It has recognized the fact, of which Gen. Fremont and others of his class appear to be unconscious, that the States of the South, though now in rebellion, will be, and must be, sovereign States of the Union once more, with every right unimpaired, which as sovereign States they have enjoyed under the national Constitution, whenever they are restored to the Union. In this view, even Congress, in providing for emancipation under certain circumstances, does not undertake to abolish slavery, but simply to free the individual slaves of individual rebels, under certain specified circumstances.

In holding out his views, therefore, it is clear that Gen. Fremont places himself in direct antagonism to the clear policy of the Administration, and to the explicit legislation of Congress. In common with the abolitionists, he wishes to revolutionize the government, to set aside the Constitution, to destroy the Union,—for it is only a one-ideal man who could imagine that the objects which he has in view could have any other effect, supposing his party to have more power than there is any pretence of their possessing. The real effect of the projects of which he is now put forward as the mouth-piece of the fanatical set, whose candidate for the next Presidency he is reckoned, will be to "divide and destroy the North," in the language of Thurlow Weed, and to make the South invincible, and probably victorious, in the impending contest. Whether it is reasonable, therefore, for any citizens who believe that they wish well to their country, to encourage such wild theories as that proposed by Gen. Fremont—or, whether it is not more consistent with every sentiment of patriotism and every public interest for them sternly to resist such destructive notions, and to stand by the government, for the salvation of the country—it is for them to judge.

The speech of Henry Wilson was in entire accordance with that of his principal; and although Mr. Wilson has a happy art of inserting into his oratorical efforts some means of slipping away, if necessary for his purpose, from their general tenor; as, for instance, the cheap popular trick of praising the President for his patriotism and honesty, at the same time that he rejects his views and practically resists his administration; yet he places himself now in a position which admits of no doubt of his full concurrence with the projects of the radical Abolitionists.

We observe that among the briefer remarks which closed the exercises of the evening, Rev. Mr. Manning "informed his hearers that when they went to heaven, they would find John C. Fremont, George B. Cheever, Gen. Hunter, Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips."* We do not know how good authority brother Manning is in regard to the future inmates of those blest abodes; but we know that not one of those who, according to the Scripture, ascended in the past, was distinguished for the sole claim to endless bliss upon which brother Manning seems to found his somewhat presumptuous prophecy. Besides, we cannot but think his omissions on this occasion rather invidious. Surely, he should not have overlooked our Chief Magistrate, or Senator Wilson, or the Hon. Mr. Phelps, or Col. Edward G. Parker, who actually presided at this Abolition gathering—and where is Mr. Sumner to be?—*Boston Courier.*

*Mr. Manning made no such remark.—*Ed. Lib.*

LETTER FROM JUDGE DUTTON—HE OPPOSES ABOLITION TREASON.

MR. EDITOR,—In this day of our country's danger, I consider it the duty of every man whose position entitles his opinion to respect, to let the public know what his views are on the great issues of the day. I am satisfied that Abraham Lincoln is right and Horace Greeley is wrong. Our only direct object should be to crush the rebellion. It is too much of us to spend our treasure and spill our blood, to improve the Government, or to reform society. Have we not quite enough on our hands to save our institutions? It would be best for the country that every eye that sees anything but the rebellion should be struck with blindness; and every arm that strikes at anything else should be palsied. If the result of blows thus given should be the destruction of social or moral evils, we should have cause to rejoice. Such men as Wendell Phillips, who is not a traitor only because he never took the oath of allegiance, but who is a public enemy in our midst, should be driven from the country.

Neither the President nor Congress can emancipate slaves, any more than they can grant bills of divorce. They cannot unmake a slave, because they never made one. They can free slaves by confiscation, but this power should be used not to benefit the slaves, but only to crush the rebellion.

It is idle to suppose that a fighting force can be made of emancipated slaves, whose manhood has been destroyed by oppression and degradation, without at least a year of discipline. Will a colored man who has instinctively all his life quailed before the eye of a white man, meet him face to face? Besides, it would require twice the courage in the emancipated slave, because he would incur twice the danger; no mercy would be shown him, and if a prisoner, the least he could expect would be to be sold into slavery again. An addition of 50,000 of such men to an army would be a source of weakness rather than strength.

HENRY DUTTON.

New Haven, Aug. 27, 1862.

—*New Haven Palladium, August 29th.*

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Things in and about Beaufort, S. C.—Hilton Head—The Niggers and the Quartermaster's Department, &c.

BEAUFORT, —— Aug. —.

The niggers certainly are masters of the whites here, and they are upheld in their contempt of and insolence to the whites, by the strong arm of Generals Hunter and Saxton. By express orders from General Hunter, the negro is not called upon to labor between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M., to keep them from the extreme heat of the middle of the day. Not so with the white soldier; he is not allowed to stop, but is kept on not only during the extreme heat, but all night, while these black "pets" of General Hunter's rest and sleep, if a vessel is to be quickly loaded or discharged, or any other extra work to be performed. This honor to the nigger, and his superiority and preference over the whites, by Generals Hunter and Saxton, is hourly shown and proven. The Hunter brigade, lately disbanded, (nigger regiment) had every comfort, and the finest encampment on the island. A relative of General Hunter had a command in the regiment. They had the fine mansion and grounds of General Drayton. The negroes, I have said, are insolent to the whites, and are upheld in their so doing by General Hunter. This has been proven very forcibly not very long ago, where a negro had been very abusive to a soldier, who thereupon slapped him, in a scuffle. This happened on the beach, near General Hunter's headquarters. The General saw the affray, and immediately ran down on the beach, in shirt sleeves, slippers, and bare headed, and actually pitched into the white soldier, and they had a rough and tumble fist fight about this nigger. Comment is unnecessary. This affair was witnessed by too many officers, soldiers and laborers to be disputed in the least. While Major General Hunter is fighting with his fists, in defence of the nigger, and his insolence to the white soldier, and others, over whom he rules with despotic sway, Brig. Gen. Saxton is upholding the nigger, even in his confessed stealing. Note the following:

General Saxton openly, the other day, remarked that "he thought more of a negro that 'stole' than he did of an 'honest' one; and if 'he' had the 'power,' he would put a 'rifle' in their hands, and let them steal from every 'white man' they could; and unless we arm the negroes, this Union cannot exist." These were the identical words used, in presence of several persons, among them a corporal of a regiment, who no doubt repeated it to all the soldiers around him. And can any one deny the terrible consequences which this treatment of our soldiers is slowly, but most certainly tending to, viz., disaffection, and finally a mutinous spirit of revenge? It really cannot be known to President Lincoln, that there does most assuredly exist the deepest hatred and spirit of revenge among the soldiers, against these officers, or he would, for their safety and that of the country, not only here, but elsewhere, remove them immediately. No man will enlist, with such a state of things existing, and which is so constantly made known to the friends of those soldiers who are suffering these indignities and hardships down here.

President Lincoln has, and justly, gained the confidence and respect of the soldiers by his strong "Proclamation" against Hunter's "Free Negro Edict," and they are constantly expecting his removal, and some other General substituted, who considers the "white soldiers fighting for their country" of (at least) equal consequence to the negro, who, with the Abolitionists, "have been one of the greatest causes of our present struggle."

It is extremely to be regretted that either General Wright or Stevens had not been left in full command here, and Hunter recalled. These officers, by their care and attention to the necessities of their "white soldiers," and their gentlemanly bearing, had won the entire confidence and the strongest good feeling of both officers and soldiers; and the gross outrages by Hunter and Benham on James' Island would never have occurred.

That General Saxton is honest, in what he says, he has certainly proven, for one of the Captains of the Quartermaster's vessel was actually ordered by Gen. Saxton to pay back to a negro sixteen dollars, which this negro "confessed" he had stolen from the vessel, during the time (two months) he had served on board. The negro happened to drop this money, which was secured, and handed to the Captain. With facts like these, can our people at the North wonder at the deep murmuring of an impending outbreak of some kind, if these causes are not speedily removed?—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*

☞ In almost every number of the *Pilot* published since the war began, articles are to be found full of unsparing censure on abolitionism; replete with illustrations that it has been quite a cause in provoking the revolt; and *the suppression of it by arms may yet be necessary.*—*Boston (Irish Catholic) Pilot.*

Selections.

IDOLATRY.

Some weeks since, we gave a series of articles on the topic indicated above. Exhaustive as we may have considered them, there is one vast class of idolators and one widely prevalent style of idolatry we did not specify, viz.:—

NEGRO WORSHIPPERS AND NEGRO WORSHIP.

Not a class of sable men, who worship, nor the peculiar style of their devotion is meant. Definitions are sometimes best made by description, hence we will catalogue some of the peculiarities of the worshipper which will indicate the mode of his worship with sufficient clearness; then having blown the trumpet and sounded the alarm, our responsibility ends and our conscience is clear.

I. The negro worshipper will not permit his idol to perform any military duty whatever. You may compel the husband of that drooping consumptive, the father of yon pale, motherless girl, the brother of the sister who will be left without home or protector, the only son of the smitten widow, to meet all the perils of a draft, to undergo conscription, but the negro must be shielded. He, by virtue of his race, is exempt. Law may protect but must not use him. Such is one article in the creed.

II. The negro worshipper believes it radically wrong and immoral to compel or permit his idol to render assistance to men who fight. He might drive teams, dig trenches, throw up breastworks, but it is not lawful—not lawful, though white men die by thousands. Such is article second.

III. The negro worshipper is unwilling that his idol should have the care of rebel plantations, though confiscated to Government. Even though enough might be secured to hold them in spite of masters and guerillas, might do so and release our brave men from mere patrol duty.

IV. Under no circumstances, not even to save the lives of the army—which alone can save the country—will the negro worshipper consent that his idol shall come under fire. He demands that he shall have immunity from all perils of battle, all accidents of war.

V. The negro worshipper mounts to the altitude of absolute blasphemy. He repeatedly ascribes to his idol such terms as "eternal," "everlasting," "ubiquitous." He insists upon them.

VI. He, while thus speaking of his idol, shriekingly insists that no others shall mention him. "Let him alone," is his cry, "let him alone!" while mentioning his name in connection with such titles every few moments.

We have not heard that the negro desires this sixfold worship. He has been desirous to be, not a deity, only a man. For his manhood he is willing to contend, to struggle, to bare his arm for labor or strife. He only asks to be a man, and he pleads for a chance to gain a history—to secure a starting point, that from it he may rise to a well-won and recognized place among men. The emancipationists, nay, the ultra-abolitionists, are content that he shall brave every peril that the struggle implies. They are not anxious to shield from such perils as environ men. None claim absolute exemption but anti-emancipation, anti-abolition negro worshippers.

We advise them to put away their idolatry, for their idols bid fair to put themselves away—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

BUTLER AND PHELPS.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR,—The controversy between Generals Butler and Phelps is the culmination of a wide difference in the principles and policy of the two men. General Butler has permitted masters, Secessionists or Union, to enter our camps, and satisfy themselves that their slave property was there. This was repeatedly done in the case of the regiment quartered in the New Orleans Custom House. The rottenness of this policy is manifest. It leaned its sympathy to the Rebels, and not to the oppressed. It alienated the blacks from us. It recognized a traitor's property in man. It outraged the prejudices of the soldiers (although the editor of the *Delta*, a Union officer, announced to the public that the "personnel of our army in New Orleans showed that the Abolitionists had stayed at home"). Gen. Phelps never permitted the right of search in his Brigade Camp. He would not keep a slave-pen, in which masters could find their fugitives. He paid no such obeisance to the Slaveocracy.

Gen. Butler gave orders that all negroes not needed for service should be removed from the camps. The city was sealed against their escape; even Secession masters were assured that their property, if not employed, should be returned. It is said that pledges of reimbursement for loss of labor were made to such. Gen. Phelps planted himself on the side of the slave—would not exile them from his camp—branded as cruel the policy that harbored and then drove out the slave to the inhuman revenge that awaited him. He made no pledges to the master, thinking it beneath his dignity to parley with the enemies of his country's flag, in the interest of the system out of which treason had grown, and against the poor refugees, who are its best, almost its *sole*, trustworthy friends.

Gen. Butler held in high honor a certain Lieutenant-Colonel, who had infamously authorized two men to drag a slave out of the Custom House. When an officer was urged by the General to return a girl to her master, and had appealed to an act of Congress that discountenanced such return, the General professed ignorance of the statute, asking the officer to find it in the Army Regulations.

Gen. Phelps rendered it very impracticable, if not impossible, for an officer to act as slave-catcher, and kept himself informed of any move in Washington in the interest of the slave. He used to say that a policy "we must have on this subject to win respect, or to gain an effective triumph." A gentleman, conversant with the feelings of Southern men in the city, stated to the writer that Secessionists despised the injustice of the slave policy of Butler, while they respected the consistent honesty of Phelps. As for me, sir, I never wish to witness again such scenes as transpired during a month's stay in New Orleans. Slaves that came miles, wearing iron yokes, and with marks of brutal cruelty, were sent out from us with agonizing prayers for protection, affirming that to kill them were more merciful than to drive them into the revengeful hate of their masters. They went forth to spread fear, distrust, and despair among those whom, for humanity's sake, for the sake of the Divine benediction, for policy's sake, we should have made our friends. There is nothing they would not have done to be free. Their gratitude at their coming was as joyful as their despair was overwhelming at the decision that exiled them from their last refuge.

From these two stand-points, let the public look at these antagonistic generals, and prepare to pass judgment upon the present controversy.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 15, 1862. C. C. S.

BOLD WORDS FROM A BRAVE MAN.

Col. Turchin, of Illinois, a brave and true-hearted officer, was recently court-martialed by Gen. Buell. He was accused of sundry unsanctioned cruelties towards rebels. It turned out, however, that the charges were not well founded, the finding of the court-martial was set aside, and the Colonel was promoted to be Brigadier General. He recently visited his home in Chicago, where he was received with an enthusiastic ovation. On that occasion he made a speech, in which he expressed his views as to the mode of putting down the rebellion. He said:—

"When I left this city with my regiment, I never expected to receive such a reception as this. *I have simply done my duty; that's all I have done.* (Enthusiastic applause.) I did my duty as a soldier, and I trust as an American citizen also. (Applause.) Although I am not versed in politics, I made up my mind that the cause of this rebellion is slavery, and I acted upon the principle that the cause should be removed. (Long continued applause.) At the same time, I knew also that those men who were relying upon the power of slavery must not be handled with soft gloves, but a little roughly, and so I handled them a little roughly. (Applause.) I don't know whether to call it a happy or an unhappy result that my superior officer did not approve of it, and thought differently. He thought I must be court-martialed, and dismissed from the service. (Groans and hisses for Don Carlos Buell, and cries, 'You shall go back, General.') My wife informs me that she has a commission, making me a Brigadier General, in her pocket, but I haven't got it, and haven't seen it. (Applause, and three cheers for Madame Turchin.) I have studied secession and secessionists in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, and I tell you it is no use to fight against them, unless we use every means in our power. They are too powerful to be fought otherwise. Who are these guerrillas? They are citizens who pretend to be peaceful, but who are plotting treason all the time. They are all the time looking out for a straggling Yankee. As soon as he finds one, he gets two neighbors, they take their shot guns, go out and catch him. They look out for pickets, and shoot them. You know how they murdered Gen. McCook. That is what I call a war of extermination. We must do the same, and until we use all men, slaves included, we cannot put them down. (Applause.) What I have done is not much; but what I could do, were I allowed, might amount to something. My friends, I must close. We have been talking about the Union and hurrahing for the Union a great while. Let us now talk and hurrah for conquest." (Applause.)

GENERAL LANE'S SPEECH.

An immense multitude congregated here from all parts of Northern Kansas to see and hear Jim Lane, on Monday last—probably the largest gathering ever witnessed in this part of the State before, and the greatest enthusiasm was excited among them whenever he made a hard hit at the rebels, or a good one in regard to the temporizing policy which has heretofore been pursued by the administration, and by a large number of our Generals, but which Lane stated was done away with, now and forever, and which assurance was received with long continued cheers.

Lane told his "Joe Harris story," illustrating the necessity of striking the rebels where the blows will be the most effective, and as usual related many anecdotes in his peculiar style, which were received with shouts of laughter and applause. He said that he drew milk from the breast of a black nurse, and was rocked in a cradle containing a colored infant in one end and himself in another; and his mother had always taught him that a decent white man was as good as any nigger; and he had just as soon have a negro shot in defence of his country, as to have one of his relatives; and considered that he must be an inveterate negro-worshipper indeed, who would not agree with him in that view of the question; and that if a rebel bullet was to be stopped by some one, he would as soon have it stopped by a colored gentleman as by his neighbor, his friend, his son, (a voice from the crowd, "Or by yourself.") "Exactly, exactly; that's the doctrine," replied Lane. As for amalgamation, he said men of the North preferred white women to black; but, after all, it was a matter of taste, as he told people when stumping the country for Dick Johnson, candidate for Vice-President, who was openly living with a negro woman, and was notorious for his practical amalgamation, as were also multitudes of others in the South, but who could not bear the sight or smell of a negro after he became free. His doctrine was to give up the State of South Carolina to negroes, as the resident whites had shown themselves unfit to occupy it.—*Freedom's (Kansas) Champion.*

GEN. WILCOX IN DETROIT.

General Wilcox, who was captured, incarcerated, and released by the Rebels with Gen. Corcoran, met with a hearty welcome at Detroit on Wednesday last. We give the following extract:—

"Gen. Wilcox said that large numbers of Southern people—men, women, and children—for no other crime than supposed loyalty to the country and Constitution of their fathers, were incarcerated in dungeons, and treated even worse, if possible, than they had been. The masses of the people South would gladly recognize and return to the Union, but so closely are they held in bondage and terror that no demonstrations of their loyalty can be made. They are thoroughly enslaved, through fear, to Jeff. Davis, Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, and others, men whom they now and always have thoroughly hated and despised.

Said Gen. Wilcox, the South is fighting for the most absolute despotism on the face of the earth—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and even freedom of thought through the secret ballot, is entirely, and always will be, denied. They hate free government, they hate free schools, colleges, and institutions of learning, and they intend to wage an eternal warfare against them all. They desire a strong Government—an iron-clad Government. *Its foundation is to be that scaly, slimy monster, Slavery—that mean, hydra-headed monster, Slavery; and its cap that scum of creation, Southern chivalry. I know of what I speak. I have talked with these men, and learned their views. I am a Democrat, and I say upon this issue we Democrats can grasp and join hands with the Abolitionists.* This war is crushing Slavery, and will continue to crush it until its vitality is gone; and I cry, Amen! I go for the President and a killing policy. He is right, and I will stand by him so long as he carries the flag. I spoke these sentiments in Washington, and the Senators and Representatives told me that that was just what the people wanted. Now, my friends, let us close the books for the past year, forget all, and open new books for the new year, and go at them with a will—with gunpowder and shot—and this wretched, unholy rebellion will be crushed, and its authors consigned to death and infamy.

Let us not underrate their power. They can bring 1,000,000—yes, 1,400,000—men into the field. They take all from 15 to 55, and then each regiment is provided with from 75 to 100 negroes, which aggregates an immense ditch-digging, cooking, aye, fighting force. These men are better organized and better drilled than our own. They keep their regiments *full*, and thereby make a great gain over us. When one dies or is killed, another is drafted and put in his place.

In the South they have town organizations to aid in carrying on the war—in furnishing men and means, and more especially hunting out those whom they regard as inimical to the rebellion. These organizations existed before the war, and by them they are enabled to control public opinion. Here is an example for us. Let us act upon it. We have traitors here, in our very city of Detroit. Let us have organizations to watch them—to spot them—to put them out. Every day there are thousands of messages streaming over Mason and Dixon's line to the enemy from Northern traitors. We must make up our minds that the last drop of blood must be spilled, and the last dollar spent to put down this rebellion. You rich men must give your money: and we soldiers will give our lives to crush it. Is this not right? Is your money of more value to you than our lives to us? The enemy are full of hatred and rancor. They have taken twenty-nine of Pope's officers, and confined them in a dungeon. Your own Williams is thus served. He is compelled to eat his famine rations out of his fingers, and wipe them with his hair. I feel that I hate these men—I think I ought to hate them. I am sure it is a virtue to hate them.

These Rebels practise all sorts of self-denial, even to giving up their liquor! If they thus give up what they hold most dear for Slavery, can we not do as much for Freedom? I shall continue this fighting as long as life continues—to the bitter end.

Gen. Wilcox then called upon his gallant 1st to go back with him to the strife, and they responded with a unanimous 'Yes.' He also paid a beautiful compliment to the gallant and faithful Corcoran. He was with him for twelve months. A more dauntless hero, a truer patriot, or a nobler gentleman does not live."

SPEECH OF GEN. BUSTEED.

Among the speakers at the great war meeting in New York was Gen. Richard Busteed, Irish born, but one of the adopted sons of America, who has devoted his all to her defence in this hour of her trial. He is well known as a prominent and influential Democrat. From this speech we extract the following:—

"We meet to inflame zeal, to inspire loyalty, and to declare to our President and his Cabinet that the city of New York—the great commercial metropolis of the country—favors the suppression of this most wicked rebellion, by the prompt, free, fearless use of every and any means necessary to crush it out at once and forever. What these means are, the Executive is charged with the responsibility of deciding; but, as he has recently, in a well-considered letter, declared his readiness to hear suggestions, and give them all proper consideration, I claim the right and embrace this occasion to say, that it is my deliberate conviction that the cause of this rebellion is slavery, and that the cause and the effect must perish or survive in force together. For one, I sincerely believe, if slavery lives, the republic dies; and I deny that this government, struck at and attempted to be destroyed by the Slave Power, should do any thing as stock-in-trade for a future rebellion. The Constitution tolerates, it does not favor the peculiar institution of rebeldom. The slave oligarchists have themselves appealed from the Constitution to the rifle—from the Senate chamber to the battle-field. They have taken the sword. They shall perish by the sword. God has decreed that their sin shall perish with them! This is freedom's grand opportunity; and no man not himself at heart tyrannic, dishonest and cruel, but will rejoice that the republic of America is ere long to be disenthralled by the Genius of Universal Emancipation. All hail the day!

In this connection, I have a word or two to say to men, who, like myself, of Irish birth, have sought and found a home in the United States of America. Whoever else, in this hour of the country's trial, hesitates, whoever else refuses his aid to the cause in the success of which the future of liberty for the race is bound up, no man born on Irish soil, unless he be recreant to the very first of true Irish instincts, has any alternative. *He* must rally under and fight for a flag, every star of which has lent its aid and glory and protection to the sons of a persecuted and down-trodden land. It will be a proud history for the Irish adopted citizen, that when the country of his choice was in danger from her foes, he was among the first who sprang to arms in her defence, and among the last to lay those arms down. On this point I have no particular anxiety. An Irishman fights as naturally as a duck swims, and, when added to this inherent talent, is the obligation growing up out of his allegiance, you have the finest specimen of a fighting man the world can produce. But I have anxiety that the Irish shall not misunderstand the great issues which are involved. It is supposed by some of my countrymen, and they have been taught to think so by bad, designing men of the class known as politicians, that, if the emancipation of the black race should be one of the results of the war made upon us by the Southern slaveholders, an exodus of that race to the Northern States would immediately follow, and a new and distasteful element of rivalry in labor be produced here, to the disadvantage of the white working-man.

Now, this is simply absurd. No such consequence would or could follow from the freedom of the blacks. Residence is not a matter of mere choice. It is controlled by great natural and philosophical laws, to the acceptance of which all men are held by an imperious necessity. Which of us would, for example, live in the heart of Ethiopia, although our revenue should be a million times what it is in the State of New York? So the swarthy child of the torrid zone cannot live amid the snows of northern latitudes. He never can enter their fields of labor as a competitor. In addition to these physical considerations, there are questions of race and prejudice, which, acting as well on the black as on the white, of themselves exclude any room for emulation. In his letter to Rev. Dr. Tyng of this city, Gen. Hunter, who is in command of the Department of the South, states that not more than a dozen escaped slaves had asked for passports to come north; and he declares it to be the result of his observation and reflection, that, were the slaves of the South to be emancipated, the effect of the measure would be a hegira of the Northern blacks to Southern latitudes.

I said we had met to inspire loyalty. In this extremity, the loyalty which is not unconditional is suspicious. The man who will only support the government now, provided the administration is mindful of his peculiar views on any subject, is a traitor in disguise, a rebel by sympathy, a hypocrite of choice, and a coward of necessity. If any such are drafted, let them get substitutes by all means. The country is in imminent peril. Traitors in arms menace and assault the people and their rulers; citizens are being ruthlessly slain; homes and hearts are made desolate; constitutional obligations and compacts are whistled down the winds, and the sacred name of revolution perverted to the abominable uses of treason and rebellion.

I have the utmost contempt for him who, by speech or act, attempts to draw party lines now. This is the appropriate office of home traitors; let them have a monopoly of the work. I am certain no true Democrat will engage in it; at least, no intelligent or reputable person will do so. There is a great fight on hand between democracy and aristocracy, between the privileges of the few and the rights of the multitude, between caste and republican equality, and he is the genuine democrat who loves liberty more than slavery.

The democracy that will not endure this test is spurious. The man who delays or hazards victory to our arms, by talking kindly of rebels, or unkindly of lawful authority or necessary instrumentalities, or by preventing enlistments, or in any other way, is not only not a democrat, but he is a traitor, meaner than all his Southern compatriots—a sneaking, snivelling, cowardly traitor, scarcely worth the rope or time it would take to hang him.

My own position is easily declared. I *was* a Democrat. I *am* a loyal lover of my country, whose free institutions I do not care to outlive. I *will be* what her necessities, the convictions of my intelligence and the dictates of my conscience make me. If this be treason to party, party can make the most of it."

WORSE AND WORSE.

Things go worse and worse with the Northern States. Their man will make them pay the South its expenses in the war, if they will let him. All his courses tend that way.

There are symptoms of his confessing it necessary to conciliate the Abolitionists. But it will all be too late. The man who will not strike his fish when her back is up, may whistle for another chance when she is gone.

Fancy that the English, when there was a talk of abolishing slavery in their colonies, had given way to the cry of "Oh, but you'll make a Saint Domingo!" What man was fool enough in his heart to believe there was any chance of making a Saint Domingo, unless on purpose? There was all the difference between leading out the horses of a regiment orderly for watering parade, and turning them loose with the barracks on fire about their ears. It is wonderful what talents there are for not doing, when you get a man at the head who does not want to do.

To simple strangers and foreigners, who have some interests in common, it is not easy to say what is to become of it, beyond the visible truth that it is well to prepare for the worst. *If the North is conquered by the South, it will be the most grinding conquest known in human history.* There is no use in saying you won't be conquered, when the way is taken to prevent you from conquering; you are to be conquered systematically. The man who will parry but will not *riposte*, is sure to be hit in the end. There is nothing like agreeing with your adversary quickly; and the way to agree with him is to roll him in the dust when you can.

The Americans have been proud, too proud. They have done much to make the people of Europe contented with their lot. They gave themselves out as rich, and having need of nothing; and knew not that they were unable to cope with the most vulgar of dangers, an insurrection of the classes who live by crime. London in the hands of the swell mob, chasing every honest citizen like the hunted beaver for what is to be got from him, and tossing the members of the House of Commons in a blanket, would be only a type, an ineffective symbol, of what must befal the staid descendants of our men of the Civil Wars, if they come into the hands of the heroes and heroines of slavery, people conceived in the midst of sin and shame, and nourished on the abnegation of all that makes comfortable companions, let alone masters. What a specimen of lost sheep will be a vanquished Puritan smarting under the regimen of a victorious slave-master! And all because he would not move when he might; because in his companions, if not in himself, there was a lurking leaning towards the thing for which he is now to pay. But they that will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.

Terrible conclusion of faith and zeal and martyred blood! Sorrowful winding up of man's best hopes! Sad epilogue to the long tragedy of human rights! Empedocles fired the temple, the wonder of the world, that his name might be remembered as it is. It was nothing to the Temple that has been fired now.—*Bradford, (Eng.) Advertiser.*

WORDS IN SEASON.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists," cries some slack-witted orator, "and the rebellion will end!" Of course, it will, you dear soul; and if all your fellow-citizens had been of your calibre and kidney, there would have been no rebellion at all. If Hampden and his friends had said, "Let us suppress these fellows who cry out against ship-money," England would quietly have submitted to the tyranny of the Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had shouted, "Hurrah for King George and the Stamp Act!" there would have been no bloody revolution. If Mirabeau and the French people had bellowed, "Hurrah for starvation: aristocrats forever!" all the trouble in France would have speedily ended. To be sure, every right would have been annihilated, every liberty destroyed, and a few rich and remorseless people would have governed France; but there would have been no difficulty, except moral rot and general national decay.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists!" But suppose you begin at the beginning. First subdue the common sense of the people of the country; then you may subdue those who influence it. It is not what you call, with an amusing persistence, abolitionism, which caused the war, but the opening of the eyes of the people so that they saw. The people of this country know perfectly well that slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion. If there had been no slavery, there would have been no war; just as there would have been no abolitionism. The temperance movement springs from drunkenness; and when a drunken man tries to kill his wife, don't you think the teetotalers are responsible for it?"

Slavery was trying to kill the country. It had almost succeedpd. "Watch! watch!" shouted the Abolitionists. Slavery, maddened that its crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe and Company—"this comes of calling the watch! Why the devil can't you hold your tongues? Let us

suppress these fellows that cry watch! watch! and all will be quiet again!"

"Certainly; a dead dog and a dead nation are both perfectly quiet. A nation of freemen throttled, with its own consent, by a slave system like ours, is the deadest and meanest of all dead dogs!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

McCLELLAN AND THE GOVERNMENT.

At length, General McClellan has been withdrawn from active command of any army in the field, and appointed to garrison duty. The President has committed to his charge the forts around Washington, and the forces required to defend the Capital. We believe this General, now, to have found his true place, and we shall expect from him a discreet and able defence of the seat of Government. By his nature, he is fitted for defensive war, and unfitted for offensive. He is essentially an engineer rather than a General. He foresees danger, but not success. He fears, but seldom hopes. He is constitutionally a cautious man, active in his perceptive faculties, and slow in his reflective. He comes to new things with an overmastering caution, which makes it impossible for him to be energetic or enterprising. We believe him to be a sincere patriot; a conscientious officer; an admirable engineer; and a very poor General. He is said to have shown talent in the organization of the army. The history of that matter is not yet known. He is said to have been an admirable disciplinarian. But, the condition of the army when it came from that valley of the shadow of death, the Peninsula, would cast much doubt upon that.

We suspect that at last, when feelings and prejudices shall have settled, and the interior history of the campaign shall be written, it will be found that he was a man of plain good sense, without remarkable gifts, of no peculiar military genius, thoroughly educated in military science, and well versed in engineering; slow of thought, and not fertile in expedient; but, above all, a man tied up by a constitutional CAUTION, which magnified all dangers, leading him to extraordinary hesitation in the presence of little things, for fear they might turn out large things; to vast preparations, which, when made, he distrusted in proportion as the danger drew near, lest, by some yet unsuspected omission, he should be found wanting. Such a man is well calculated to defend a fort or a city, but not to move an army with celerity, to take risks—without which there can be no war—to strike boldly, to think quickly, to act instantly upon thought and decision. But this caution which disqualifies him from movement, fits him to *stand* and to receive attack.

That McClellan ought to have cleared Virginia months before he thought of moving, is now generally conceded. When at length, under the President's goad, he moved, he should have gone by way of Manassas and Central Virginia upon Richmond. The best evidence of that is the eight months on the Peninsula, its abandonment, and the present position of McClellan's late army. The enemy knew the General's weakness. They played upon his fears. They magnified their numbers. They acted the part of defiant courage. With only forty thousand men at Manassas, they held in check more than two hundred thousand, by playing on their commander's morbid caution.

At every step of his progress, after leaving Washington, the Government, that was dissatisfied with his plan of campaign, but weakly yielded to it, had fresh occasion for distrust and alarm. He feared everything but the squandering of time. Of that he seemed to have a supply, which no prodigality could waste. He dug as if he had been sent to underdrain the Peninsula. He took his inspiration from the mole, and not from the eagle. When he stretched his lines along the Chickahominy, the army became but a huge ox, that with dull strength and slow foot pulled the campaign by sheer brute force, unhelped by brains or genius, except from the minor Generals. One and another opportunity came, a third, and a fourth, on which we will not say a Frederick, a Bonaparte, a Wellington, but even a Raglan or a Simpson, would have struck through, and seized Richmond; but McClellan saw no way that had not a lion in it. Besides, it is understood that he went to the Peninsula hoping with a great army to overcome rebellion, and end the campaign with little bloodshed. He intended to catch leviathan with a fish-hook. The policy resulted in converting the army into a procession of hospitals, and ended in battles as murderous as the world has ever known. And when the last trumpet shall bring forth the dead, between fifty and a hundred thousand men will rise from the swamps of the Chickahominy and the fields of the Peninsula, witnesses to the cruelty of a conservative campaign!

We believe that General McClellan both aimed to do his duty, and exerted every talent that God had given him to that end. But he was inadequate to the situation. The task required a man of large ability, of military genius, and especially of courage to take risks, and win by straight-out fighting.

When McClellan was appointed to his high position, it was the best thing the Government could do. All men were untried, and he promised more brilliantly than any. But we have reason to blame the Government for continuing him in his position after confidence was shaken in his ability, and especially for doing it for the *reasons* they did.

It is no secret that President Lincoln has been wont to speak for many months past in terms of severe condemnation of General McClellan. Again and again he has not hidden his conviction of McClellan's incompetency for his position. He did not approve the campaign. He did not approve of the execution of it. He was severely discontented with the condition of affairs upon the great retreat. Why did he not remove him? *McClellan was a Democrat.* The President feared the effect of such an act upon the Democratic party. Does any one, informed of the secret history of affairs, doubt whether the President would have placed another at the head of the army, had McClellan been an Anti-Slavery man, before a step was taken toward Yorktown? Had it been Fremont, he would have been put down in an hour! The President's scarcely disguised idea of policy is, that the Anti-Slavery party of the North will bear to be snubbed; it is made up of men of such deep moral feeling, so earnest, so patriotic, so self-sacrificing, that they will not abandon the Administration, however unjustly they may be treated. But the Democrats are impatient and intractable. They will not patiently bear being crossed. And so the President recalls Fremont on the very eve of a battle in Missouri, which would have delivered the West almost a year earlier than, following in Fremont's steps, it was afterwards done. Again, after Fremont had with matchless celerity chased Jackson out of the Shenandoah Valley, (the only man that yet has proved a match in strategy, and quickness and skill in handling men, with Jackson,) he was, at the clamor of discontented Democrats and army officers, relieved of command. But McClellan was continued, through a series of blunders, of torpidities, of ruinous mismanagements, that will give to military history one of its saddest and guiltiest chapters, and is yet continued in command, because, being the intended future hero of the Democratic party, the President feared to transfer him.

This is the precise illustration of that in the Administration which we have deeply regretted, and have before pointed out. It is a want of nerve to do that which the necessities of the country imperatively demand, *for fear of some imagined political consequences in the North!*—*New York Independent.*

THE PENINSULA ABANDONED.

With mingled feelings of sorrow, shame and indignation, we record the last dismal movement of the Army of the Potomac. All that the blunders of McClellan—more fatal than the bullets of the rebels—have left of this once magnificent army, has now totally disappeared from the peninsula before Richmond. Delay, disease, digging and disasters, have done their work. An army of one hundred and sixty thousand men in April, is an army of only sixty thousand effective men in August. Like mists before the rising sun, like snow under a summer shower, this once magnificent army has dissolved. Youth, beauty and valor, the pride and glory of the country, have faded away, and left only a ghastly skeleton of an army to float mysteriously down the James River, amid the jeers and derision of exulting traitors. The General who, upon paper, never retreats, who never fights but to conquer, whose "masterly strategy" has been the subject of incessant eulogy by a thousand presses, during the last twelve months, who ostentatiously boasted in February that the Army of the Potomac had made its last retreat and seen its last defeat, and who gave out private assurances that in one month from the time of landing at Yorktown, he would be in Richmond, has now, with the scattered remains of a mighty army, turned his back on the arrogant foe, and ingloriously sought safety in flight, never having won beyond dispute a single battle.

While we share in the feeling of shame, sorrow and indignation generally felt over this most "lame and impotent conclusion" of the peninsula campaign, we can confess to no disappointment. Gen. McClellan has fully met our expectations. From the day we read his declaration concerning the suppression of slave insurrections, we instinctively knew our man, and from him expected nothing as a warrior. The battle or slaughter of Ball's Bluff, the movement on the dead horses and wooden guns of Manassas, the return of fugitive slaves to their masters, the disallowance of anti-slavery singing among his soldiers, the guarding of rebel property, while its owners are engaged in shooting down loyal men, the praises lavished upon him by all the treasonable pro-slavery presses and politicians of the North, taught us to look for all that has happened in the shape of disasters, defeats, retreats and failures which have marked the history of McClellan on the peninsula. We have had no faith to lose in this man, and should have been more surprised by his success than we are by his present stupendous and disgraceful failure. It is a consolation to us that no look, word, or gesture of ours has created or increased the confidence of any man in this General. The heart of McClellan is with slavery. Satan does not cast out Satan. *For a square stand-up fight with slaveholding rebels, the loyal sword must not be in pro-slavery hands.* The hands of our Generals must be unpolluted by slavery. McClellan has no such hands, and can make no such fight as the crisis demands. To oppose such a General to an earnest General like Stonewall Jackson is madness. It is a strutting turkey gobbler against the talons of an eagle. Besides, having no heart in this war, McClellan has clearly shown no martial ability. Success is a fair standard, in the *long run*, for all kinds of pretension, military or civil. Exceptions only prove the rule. A man who habitually fails to do the right thing, and evermore does the wrong thing, never by accident or otherwise accomplishes what he aims to accomplish, forfeits all respect for his pretensions. There is not a single instance in which this man McClellan, when left to himself, has done aught to put down this rebellion. Mistakes and blunders, to the advantage of the rebels, have characterized all his movements. When told to move in February, he collected a vast number of boats from all parts of the country in the Potomac, scarcely any of which could be used for the purpose for which they were obtained. When he moved upon Yorktown, he was met by the same mortifying vacancy as at Manassas. He had ditched his army nearly to death to no purpose. The enemy had betaken himself to another and stronger position. The succession of battles on the peninsula has been little better than a series of defeats. It was "strategy" to go to the peninsula, and it is "strategy" to leave the peninsula, but all the strategic movements of this General have thus far only weakened the army, encouraged the rebels, and disheartened the country.—*Douglass Monthly.*

A CHAPTER FROM GENERAL McCLELLAN'S HISTORY.

George B. McClellan was born in a Free State, and after receiving his education at West Point, embarked upon the world with a lieutenantcy. He, for a long time, preferred to take up his residence in the South, and soon became conspicuously known as a man of Southern proclivities and feelings.

At an early period, we find McClellan deeply identified with Southern filibustering schemes, and finally trace him to a prominent command in the Lone Star Association. The objects of that organization were notoriously the expansion and perpetuation of American slavery, by the forcible conquest of Cuba and its annexation to the South; and it is plain that McClellan, from his intimate intercourse with the leaders of the movement, was fully versed in all the secret aims of the conspiracy. The Philadelphia *Daily News*, of July 28, thus briefly states the leading features of the movement:—

"General Quitman, of Mississippi, was chosen Generalissimo. The five officers next in rank to him were also to be Americans, and officers of the regular army. To General Quitman was confided the delicate duty, not of selecting, but of purchasing the swords and hearts of these.

He was a man of address. The offer was liberal, the terms being a cash payment of $10,000, Cuban contingencies to each, and he succeeded in completing contracts with Albert Sidney Johnson, Gustavus W. Smith, Mansfield Lovell, J. K. Duncan and George B. McClellan.

Smith and Lovell received their money, resigned from the army, and entered upon their new duties. But before the final arrangements were consummated with our future General-in-Chief, Secretary Marcy, in violation of the plighted faith of President Pierce, (who was himself a filibuster,) directed the Collector of the Port of Mobile to seize and detain the two vessels laden with arms and munitions of war, then lying in that port. His subsequent acts prevented the expedition. The question of Lieutenant McClellan's resignation was held in abeyance some days, when the inducements to it were necessarily withdrawn."

Our young hero was now again without any definite prospects, but his good fortune soon placed Jefferson Davis at the head of the War Department, and that excellent man, having always regarded McClellan with exceeding favor, and wishing to reward him, probably for his sympathies with the "Lone Star," promoted him to be a captain of infantry, and then raised him to the dazzling station of Chief of the Commission of Observation, which represented the army of the United States before Sebastopol. True to these *souvenirs*, and the tendencies which they created, he, after his return, united himself with the Breckinridge Democracy, the plot of which, on the part, at least, of its Southern engineers, was to throw the election into the "House," or, by the return of Lincoln to the Presidency, to seize the opportunity for revolution.—*Wilkes's Spirit of the Times.*

TOO HAPPY.

The New York *Herald*, Boston *Post*, and a few other papers who gave their immense support to John C. Breckinridge for President, are made happy by the action which restores Gen. McClellan to the command of the fortifications around Washington. These gentlemen are *so* patriotic, there is no getting along with them. They denounce Pope; they denounce every General in the field, save McClellan. McClellan is the boy for them! Only give them McClellan, and they are happy; without McClellan they would caterpillar. What would these papers do for editorials were they deprived of their darling theme—McClellan! These heroic editors are the defenders of the pride and idol of the army. The army, according to their statement, go it blind, if they can only have McClellan to lead them. It is of no use talking,—Halleck, Pope, Sigel, Burnside, Hooker, Heintzelman, Wool, Grant, and Banks are nothing. It is of no consequence that the enemy, last March, were forced to retreat to the Rappahannock, and to evacuate Manassas. It is of no consequence what has become of the army of two hundred and thirty thousand men who stood before the retreating foe at that time. It is of no consequence if the rebels now threaten Washington, and have crossed into Maryland, and hold possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and are marching upon Baltimore City. Only give these old Breckinridge organs McClellan, and they are happy. Nothing else will pacify them. Down with Stanton, down with Pope, down with every body, down with the President, down with the Cabinet, down with Congress, and we might add down with the Union, if their favorite man can only have the lead. This is a great country, and the prospect is we shall see what we shall see!

The *Journal* has joined in the chorus, and, of course, there is nothing more to be said. They are all happy.—*Boston Herald.*

CLEARING OUT THE ABOLITION GENERALS. Gen. Hunter has been superseded at Port Royal, and his place is to be filled by Gen. Mitchel. Gen. Phelps (who seems to be partially *insane* on the subject of contrabands) has been displaced, to make room for Gen. T. W. Sherman.

These changes come in good time, being heralded simultaneously with the announcement of the restoration of Gen. McClellan to the position from which the intriguing malcontents of the Abolition camp had displaced him. We believe the country will hail these indications of a conservative, Union policy on the part of the Administration with real satisfaction.—*Hartford Times.*

☞ This is damaging praise for McClellan.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1862.

GEN. FREMONT IN BOSTON.

The first article we have placed in the "REFUGE OF OPPRESSION," this week, from the Boston *Courier*, teems with the meanness and malignity which constitute the "stock in trade" of that detestable sheet—a sheet that appears to be published for no other purpose than to show the amount of bitterness, self-conceit, mendacity and pro-slavery villany it is possible to concentrate in a single human breast, and to expend profusely from day to day with constant augmentation. It never loses an opportunity to make a dastardly thrust, insult superior merit, sneer at the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, bolster up the tottering and ever accursed slave system, and assail as madmen and fanatics all who advocate the liberation of those who are subjected to a bondage, "one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose." Accordingly, it spits out its venom upon the magnificent meeting recently held at the Tremont Temple, with reference to a more vigorous prosecution of the campaign for the suppression of the rebellion, and upon all who took part in it—especially upon Gen. Fremont, the chief speaker. Neither the Richmond *Examiner* nor the Charleston *Mercury*, criticising that meeting, could exhibit more spite or indecency. It foolishly supposes it makes a damaging statement when it contemptuously says—"As to the meeting itself, no one knows, or no one confesses, who was responsible for it"! Hunkerdom was not consulted about it; neither Slave Commissioner Curtis nor mob-approved Mayor Wightman, nor any of that *distinguished* class, appeared upon the platform; no flourish of trumpets was made, no clap-trap resorted to, in order to draw a full house; it was wholly a vulgar affair, "one of those miscellaneous assemblages which curiosity will always bring together in a populous city"! Now, during a residence of thirty-five years in this city, we have seen a great many public gatherings, at which there were marked personal appreciation, high enthusiasm, and "prolonged applause"; but we recollect none comparable to the meeting at the Temple, thus invidiously referred to. The simple announcement that such a meeting would be held, and that it would be addressed, among others, by Gen. Fremont, drew together an audience such as, in point of numbers, was never before packed (as if by hydrostatic pressure) in that spacious hall. The rush was not only immense, but at times alarming to all but those of the strongest nerves; and sufficient to fill the hall to more than double its capacity. Thousands, after making the most desperate efforts to gain an entrance, were compelled to retire, sadly disappointed. The street was densely crowded in front at the same time, and the Meionaon beneath was filled to overflowing. So far from the assemblage having been "a miscellaneous one," in the sense meant by the *Courier*, it was remarkably homogeneous, composed of the best intellectual and moral elements, baptized into one spirit, and animated by the purest patriotism and the truest regard for the liberties of the country. Nor is it a correct statement that mere curiosity brought out such a mighty demonstration: that had little to do with it. True, Gen. Fremont had never before appeared in public in Boston; true, many were eager both to see and to hear him; but the overmastering, all-controlling sentiment was a desire to show the modest and meritorious "Pathfinder" in what estimation they held him, and to pay him the tribute of their high respect and heartfelt gratitude for his work's sake in the cause of universal freedom. And such an ovation as they gave him! Such cheers as burst forth when he entered the hall, when he left it, and during the delivery of his masterly speech! Such cheers as were given in behalf of his honored wife, as in all respects worthy of such a man! The scene was indescribable—the effect electric beyond all precedent. As a speaker, there was nothing in the manner of Gen. Fremont to elicit strong applause; for it was marked by great modesty, a fixed position, avoidance of all action, and entire simplicity, while his voice was wholly inadequate to be distinctly and consecutively heard by many in the vast audience. We understand it was his first regular set speech before a public assemblage; for he is a man of deeds rather than of words. In spirit and style, it was a finished performance, creditable alike to his head as a statesman, and his heart as a philanthropist. There was no extravagance, no effort at display, no aiming at rhetorical effect: it was a calm, well-measured, thoughtful, profound utterance, embodying great reverence for justice and liberty, and giving such counsel as the critical state of the country demands. The *Courier*, however, must needs make a fling at it by saying, "Here and there an expression occurs, which would strongly indicate the aid of feminine intervention in its preparation." This is paltry indeed.

According to the *Courier*, "the chief actors in the scene at Tremont Temple were all abolitionists, either on professedly moral or on evidently political grounds." Tremendous accusation! All in favor of justice and mercy to the oppressed—of breaking the yokes and fetters of a bloody despotism—of no longer keeping back the hire of the laborer by fraud—of rescuing men, women and children from the auction-block—of vindicating the rights of human nature, without regard to complexion or race! No wonder the *Courier* falls into spasms! It goes for just the reverse of all this. It proceeds to say—"In common with the abolitionists, he [General Fremont] wishes to revolutionize the Government, to set aside the Constitution, to destroy the Union." Every word of this is inexcusably false: it is to save the Government and the Union, as well as on account of the moral grandeur of the act, that he would have slavery abolished, sincerely believing that there is hope in no other direction.

Again, the *Courier* says—"It is clear that General Fremont places himself in direct antagonism to the clear policy of the Administration, and to the explicit legislation of Congress." Instead of that, he is for having the President carry out that legislation to the letter. And what if he ventures to differ in opinion from Mr. Lincoln, in regard to what the exigencies of the hour demand, is that a crime, or any evidence of a want of the highest patriotism?

The *Courier* attempts to exalt the brave and modest Corcoran at the expense of Gen. Fremont, by drawing an invidious comparison in regard to their reception in Boston. How despicable! There is no analogy between the two cases.

"THE COMMONWEALTH." The first number of a weekly paper, (somewhat larger than the *Liberator*,) with this title, made its appearance in this city on Saturday last—edited by MONCURE D. CONWAY, late of Cincinnati, and published by JAMES M. STONE, 22 Bromfield Street—price $2.00 a year, payable in advance. We give it a hearty welcome, assured that it will be conducted with signal ability, and an efficient instrumentality in the work of abolishing slavery, suppressing the rebellion, and saving the country. The author of "The Rejected Stone" and "The Golden Hour" needs no introduction, or complimentary words. Among other racy points in his editorial preface is the following:—

"*The Commonwealth* will maintain that a black patriot is better than a white traitor. We shall advocate a treatment of slavery according to the laws of war, and one adequate to the tremendous exigencies of the hour, in opposition to the wretched policy of dealing with this arch foe as if he were a peaceful subject to whom constitutional forms are a protection. We believe in giving the devil his due,—which is, to speak moderately, instant death."

☞ The letter of ROBERT PURVIS, Esq., to Senator Pomeroy, (to be found in another column,) in reference to the colonization of our colored population in Central America, is exceedingly racy, spirited, and conclusive—worthy to be copied by every journal, and read by all the people.

THE GERMAN SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

Among our Western exchanges, we notice with pleasure a German daily, just started in St. Louis, "for the promotion of universal emancipation, the people's welfare, and civilization." The name of this paper is *Die Neue Zeit—The New Time;* or, as our Anglo Saxon ancestors would have said, *The New Tide.* Bearing the motto "Forward!" it already gives marks of talent and enterprise in the right direction. It has published German versions of Mr. Gibbons's song, "We are coming, Father Abraham"; of Orpheus C. Kerr's satire on the colonization scheme; and, in its issue of the 3d inst., of Gen. Fremont's speech in this city. Apropos of the last, we subjoin the editorial comments:—

"We present to-day on our inside the speech of Fremont in full. The reception which it and the General himself encountered in Boston show him more than ever to be the Man of the People, the Situation, and the Future. Scarcely to any mortal has such homage been paid in Boston as to the Pathfinder. Even Senator Wilson had to pause in his speech, because Fremont was obliged to leave the hall; and the swinging of hats and waving of handkerchiefs, as well as the ninefold thundering hurrahs, which welcomed him in, accompanied him out, while Mrs. Fremont, too, as "our Jessie," was greeted and honored with acclamations and bouquets.

"As for the speech itself, whoever reads it through will agree with us in calling it a master-piece, great in thought and meaning, perfect in form, and powerfully effective from the earnestness which characterizes it, in common with all that proceeds from the General. And we call attention to it all the more, because Fremont's hour will soon have struck again, and then everybody will know what to think of him. If we are sure of anything, it is that Fremont cannot possibly remain longer in private life. Events are lifting him up, and the people have long since said 'Amen!'"

RE-ELECTION OF CHARLES SUMNER.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Republicans of Marlboro', Mass., Monday evening:—

Resolved, That as Republicans of Marlboro', we heartily approve the course of John A. Andrew as Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and the course of Charles Sumner as our United States Senator, and pledge ourselves to their support in the coming elections.

Resolved, That in the combination of the odds and ends of hunkerdom in Massachusetts, which has been forming for the last two years to defeat the reëlection of our patriotic United States Senator, Charles Sumner, we recognize a cunning combination of the sympathizers with slaveholders and the active advocates of a base compromise with, or a slavish submission to the leaders of the Rebellion.

Resolved, That at the coming November election, we will vote for no man to either branch of the State Legislature who is not pledged, if elected, to give his vote and his personal and political influence to the reelection of Charles Sumner to the Senate of the United States.

These resolutions are timely, and should be warmly responded to by every Republican voter. Whatever is brutal, semi-loyal or wholly treasonable in this State, and out of it, is fiercely intent on procuring the supplanting of Mr. Sumner as U. S. Senator by some one else. This is conclusive evidence that he ought to be reëlected by an overwhelming vote. His rejection would be a disgrace to the Commonwealth, and elicit shouts of exultation throughout Rebeldom. The whole country is deeply indebted to him for his great services at Washington.

The following letter from Mr. Sumner was read at the Republican State Convention, held at Worcester on Wednesday last:—

BOSTON, 9th Sept., 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,—As a servant of the State, I have always on former occasions recognized the right of my constituents in State Convention to expect from me such counsels on public affairs as I could offer, and I have accepted with gratitude the invitations with which they have honored me. If now, in these dark days, when danger thickens, I do not take advantage of the opportunity which you give me, believe me, it is not from indifference to the occasion; nor is it because our duties at this moment are not clear.

Eagerly do our gallant soldiers (God bless them!) rush to the field of death, for the sake of their country. Eagerly do good citizens at home (God bless them!) contribute of their abundance, or it may be of their poverty, to smooth the lot of our soldiers. But there is another duty, hardly less commanding. It is for all to unite, without distinction of party, to uphold the Government. I recognize, therefore, the just liberality of the call for our Convention, which is addressed not only to Republicans, but also to "all who support the present National and State Governments, and are in favor of all means necessary for the effectual suppression of the rebellion." Under such a call, there is no patriot citizen of the Commonwealth who may not claim a place.

Is there any patriot citizen who can hesitate to support the National Government, beleaguered by a rebel enemy?

Is there any patriot citizen who can hesitate to support the State Government, which, under the inspiring activity and genius of John A. Andrew, is so efficiently sustaining the National Government?

And is there any patriot citizen who is not for the use of all means necessary for the effectual suppression of the rebellion?

Were I able to be at the Convention, according to the invitation with which you have honored me, gladly would I appeal to all such citizens. This country must be saved; and among the omens of victory, I hail confidently that unanimity of sentiment and trust with which all loyal citizens now look to the National Government, determined that nothing of energy, or contribution, or sacrifice shall be wanting, by which its supremacy may be again established. Another omen is yet needed. It is that the people, forgetting the past, shall lift themselves to that platform of justice and truth, where candor shall at last prevail, and all shall frown indignantly upon the rancors and animosities of party; shall silence the senseless prejudice of personal hate, and shall stifle the falsehoods of calumny, so that at least, here among ourselves, there may be that unity and concord which will give irresistible strength to our patriotic labors.

Beyond this appeal, from heart to heart, I should rejoice to show plainly, *how to hamstring this rebellion and to conquer a peace:* all of which I am sure can be done. To this *single practical purpose*, all theories, prepossessions and aims must yield. So absorbing at this moment is this question, that nothing is practical which does not directly tend to its final settlement. All else is blood-stained vanity. And the citizen soldiers whom you send forth to battle may justly complain, if you neglect any of those means by which they may be strengthened. Good Democrats, who have enjoyed the confidence of their party and also public trust—Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, and Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana—have borne their generous testimony. So also has Parson Brownlow in a letter which I have just read, where, among other things, he says, that the negroes "must be urged in every possible way to crush out this infernal rebellion,"—Butler has borne his testimony, when, by virtue of an outstanding order of the rebel Governor of Louisiana, he organized a regiment of colored persons in the patriot service of the United States. Banks also has borne his testimony, when, overtaking the little slave-girl, on her way to freedom, he lifted her upon the national cannon. In this act—the brightest, most touching and most suggestive of the whole war, which art will hereafter rejoice to commemorate—our Massachusetts general gave a lesson to his country. Who can doubt that this country will yet be saved?

I hope you will excuse me to my fellow-citizens of the Convention, and believe me, with much regard,

Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

HON. WM. CLAFLIN, *Chairman of State Committee.*

NEW MUSIC. We have received from Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Washington street, the following pieces, which are destined to become popular:—

"We are Coming, Father Abraham," a song. Music by L. O. Emerson.

"Skedaddle," classically defined and musically illustrated, by George Dauskin. A song.

"Marching along," quick step, as played by the bands. Arranged for the piano, by B. A. Burdett.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for September has the following table of contents:—I. Saint Anselm; II. Romance Biographies; III. Three Ancient Systems of Intuitive Morals; IV. Shakespeare and Friendship; V. New Readings of the Psalms; VI. Our War Policy, and how it deals with Slavery; VII. Irving's Life and Letters; Review of Current Literature; New Publications received.

☞ The *Courier*, with characteristic effrontery, insinuates that our notice, last week, in reply to its attack upon Rev. Mr. Manning, was written by Mr. Manning himself! What next?

THE RADICAL REMEDY.

A large number of our "misguided" Southern brethren are now in Maryland, having crossed the Potomac at three points *without obstruction.* It is alleged that they will not at present attack Washington, preferring, after the abundant reinforcement that offers itself to them in Maryland, to march northward, and occupy first Philadelphia, and then New York, while their associates further south are taking Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that "Washington is safe." But we have, at any rate, the comfortable assurance that "McClellan is safe."

We have it on high authority that, in making these movements, our Southern brethren are "misguided." Is it not time for the President—perhaps it is necessary to give the name of the functionary intended, for, to foreign spectators of our contest, Jeff. Davis, quite as much as any one else, must seem to be *the* President—is it not time for President Lincoln to speak the powerful word which will *guide* these invaders in the right direction, namely, back, post-haste, to their native South? Is it not time, by a proclamation of universal freedom, to compel the slaveholders either at once to return home to guard their slaves, or to let four millions of their population, including two millions of efficient laborers, and half a million of able-bodied fighting men, immediately take position for us and against them?

If the slaveholders apply themselves to the work of compelling four millions of people, scattered over the whole South, to stay on their estates, and to continue working for them without wages, *after the Proclamation of President Lincoln shall have assured those slaves of the protection and co-operation of his armies*, they will, manifestly, have neither time nor force to do any thing else. If they guard the slaves, they must needs stop fighting us. If they continue to fight us, they must needs let the slaves come over to us, bringing to our side their strength as laborers and their strength as combatants. That we have not had this assistance hitherto has been Abraham Lincoln's fault; for he has, for eighteen months, had it in his power to obtain their aid, by the simple process of giving them assurance of the nation's aid in overthrowing *their* oppressors. As soon as he shall speak this word, their effective, decisive help is at once secured to us, all over the South. Is it not yet time for him to speak it?

Let no one say—It is too late. The President has lost much precious time, and wasted many invaluable opportunities. But he may still gain the immense advantage of enlisting the slaves on our side, as long as the enemy does not emancipate them, a measure which Jeff. Davis will not take while he is conquering as at present. It is never too late to practise justice and righteousness. But, in our case, it is not too late to practise true statesmanship. The side that first emancipates will gain not only what aid the negro alliance can afford, but will certainly gain the alliance of the European powers.

Morals have come, more and more, to take an inevitable part in politics. These words of Daniel Webster remain true, and mighty in significance, though his later years were passed in disregard of them:—

"On the general question of Slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The question has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper chord. IT HAS ARRESTED THE RELIGIOUS FEELING OF THE COUNRY; IT HAS TAKEN STRONG HOLD OF THE CONSCIENCES OF MEN. *He is a rash man indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised.* IT WILL SURELY CAUSE ITSELF TO BE RESPECTED."

The coldness of the English people and of the English government towards us has had, at least, this plausible excuse, that we have not separated ourselves from the maintenance of slavery, either in law or in fact. Lay as much stress as you will on the selfish considerations which may actually have controlled their policy, we have certainly given them this plausible pretext for it. Let this pretext be taken away, even thus late, by our active entrance upon the work of emancipation, let the Stars and Stripes be made, in good faith, the Flag of the Free, and it would be no longer possible for either England or France to ally itself with the slaveholders. Their moral influence, the weight of their public sentiment, the approval of their good men and the enforced coöperation of their great men *must* be on our side, and would compel for us the aid of their armies and navies if we had occasion to ask them. Whichever of our leaders, Lincoln or Davis, shall first emancipate by open proclamation, will get the European alliance. Why should we wait longer under the risk of having that alliance turned against us? Even supposing that we neither need nor wish that alliance for ourselves, why should we allow such bitter and desperate enemies as ours to make *their* advantage out of it? Within one twelvemonth, if it be not first compelled to side with us by our taking position against slavery, it will assuredly fall, by the force of circumstances, to the Confederate States. Let us be wise in time.—C. K. W.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

In a private letter from our estimable friend, Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, he says:—

"What are we coming to? What is to be the end of this most impious rebellion, and the bloody conflict to which we are driven? I confess, as I said in my parting sermon to the soldiers who have just gone from our midst—

'I confess that recent observations and reports have awakened in my bosom the apprehension that the insane prejudice against colored men in our loyal States is so much stronger than even the attachment of the rebels to their "*peculiar institution*," that they will be the first to proclaim liberty to their bondmen. Making a virtue of necessity, they will, as has been intimated by Mr. Slidell, bow in deference to the public sentiment of Christendom, and abolish slavery. This will remove the main obstacle to the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy by England and France; and then we shall be obliged to submit to any terms the elated rebels may dictate, unless we are mighty enough to carry on a successful war with the two most powerful nations of Europe *with one hand*, while with *the other hand* we are pulling down this tremendous rebellion, the strength of which will then be augmented to an equality with that of our loyal States, by the added millions of colored soldiers. So fearful is this crisis! So imminent is our peril!'

Our hearts are aching to-day because of the third thousand of our young men, who left this morning to endure the hardships and encounter the dangers of this horrid war. All of them are of this county, hundreds of this city, several of our church, two of them almost as dear to me as my own sons. We should fear less for them, if we had more confidence in some of the men at whose disposal they are to be placed. We should relent less at the sacrifice, which they and we are called to make, if we could be assured that their limbs and lives are to be expended for the purpose to which this conflect with the South ought to be directed. But we do not despair. God reigns, and all things must issue well in the near or the remote future, and in one way or another."

☞ We learn that the colored Masonic Fraternity of this city intend the presentation of a portrait of himself to our worthy friend, JOHN T. HILTON, on the evening of Sept. 18th, at the Twelfth Baptist Church, Southac street. The varied exercises, addresses and music, closing with a levee, promise an interesting occasion.

FALSE REPORTS—That Secretary Stanton has resigned—That Gen. Halleck has been appointed to fill the vacancy—That Gen. McClellan is again commander-in-chief—That Gen. Mitchell has superseded Gen. Hunter.

THE COLONIZATION QUESTION—AN ARGUMENT AGAINST IT.

BYBERRY, Philadelphia, August 28, 1862.

Hon. S. C. Pomeroy, Government Colonization Agent:

SIR,—I have read with deep and painful interest your address to the "Free Colored People of the United States," and, as a "colored" man, beg the privilege of saying a few words in reply.

Forty-five years ago, an overture similar to that contained in your address came to the colored people from the city of Washington. That proposed Western Africa as the happy place where they were to be colonized—this proposes Central America. On the receipt of that proposition, a public meeting of the colored people of Philadelphia was called, with a view of expressing their opinions of it. It was held in Bethel Church, in the month of January, 1817, and my honored father-in-law, the late James Forten, was its chairman. It adopted a series of resolutions, the first and last of which were as follows:—

"Resolved, That as our ancestors (not of choice) were the first successful cultivators of the wilds of America, we, their descendants, feel ourselves entitled to participate in the blessings of her luxuriant soil which their blood and sweat enriched, and that any measure, or system of measures, having a tendency to banish us from her bosom, would not only be cruel, but in direct violation of those principles which have been the boast of this Republic.

"Resolved, That having the strongest confidence in the justice of God and philanthropy of the free States, we cheerfully submit our destinies to the guidance of Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall without his special providence."

Senator Pomeroy, these were the sentiments of the colored people of Philadelphia, and of the whole land, in 1817; they have been their sentiments ever since, and they will be found to be their sentiments now. Exceptions there may have been, and may be again. I speak of the whole, not of a fraction.

Sir, for more than twenty years the question of Colonization agitated and divided this country. The colored people stamped it with the seal of their reprobation; the whites acquiesced in the justice of their decision, and the vexed and vexing question was put to rest. Now it is revived. The apple of discord is again thrown into the community; and as though you had not already enough to divide and distract you, a new scheme is hit upon, and deliberately sent upon its errand of mischief.

There are some aspects of this project which surely its advocates cannot have duly considered. You purpose to exile hundreds of thousands of your laborers. The wealth of a country consists mainly in its labor. With what law of economy, political or social, can you reconcile this project to banish from your shores the men that plough your fields, drive your teams, and help build your houses? Already the farmers around me begin to feel the pinching want of labor; how will it be after this enormous draft? I confess, the project seems to me one of insanity. What will foreign nations, on whose good or ill will so much is supposed now to depend, think of this project? These nations have none of this vulgar prejudice against complexion. What, then, will they think of the wisdom of a people who, to gratify a low-born prejudice, will deliberately plan to drive out hundreds of thousands of its most peaceable, industrious, and competent laborers? Mr. Roebuck said in a late speech, at Sheffield—as an argument for intervention—"that the feeling against the blacks was stronger at the North than in the South." Mr. Roebuck can now repeat that assertion, and point to this governmental project in corroboration of its truth. A "Slaveholders' Convention" was held a few years since in Maryland, to consider whether it would not be best either to reënslave the free blacks of that State, or banish them from its borders. The question was discussed, and a committee, the chairman of which was United States Senator Pearce, was appointed to report upon it. That committee reported "that to enslave men now free would be inhuman and to banish them from the State would be to inflict a deadly blow upon the material interests of the Commonwealth; that their labor was indispensable to the welfare of the State." Sir, your Government proposes to do that which the Slaveholders' Convention of Maryland, with all their hate of the free blacks, declared to be inconsistent with the public interest.

But it is said this is a question of prejudice, of national antipathy, and not to be reasoned about. The President has said, "whether it is right or wrong, I need not now discuss."

Great God! Is justice nothing? Is honor nothing? Is even pecuniary interest to be sacrificed to this insane and vulgar hate? But it is said this is the "white man's country." Not so, sir. This is the red man's country, by natural right, and the black man's, by virtue of his sufferings and toil. Your fathers by violence drove the red man out, and forced the black man in. The children of the black man have enriched the soil by their tears, and sweat, and blood. Sir, we were born here, and here we choose to remain. For twenty years we were goaded and harassed by systematic efforts to make us colonize. We were coaxed and mobbed, and mobbed and coaxed, but we refused to budge. We planted ourselves upon our inalienable rights, and were proof against all the efforts that were made to expatriate us. For the last fifteen years, we have enjoyed comparative quiet. Now again the malign project is broached, and again in the name of humanity, as before, are we invited to leave!

In God's name, what good do you expect to accomplish by such a course? If you will not let our brethren in bonds go free—if you will not let us, as did our fathers, share in the privileges of the Government—if you will not let us even help fight the battles of the country—in Heaven's name, at least, *let us alone.* Is that too great a boon to ask of your Government?

Sir, I have spoken with freedom, but not, I trust, with disrespect. If I have expressed myself with warmth, put yourself in my place, and ask if you would not do the same. Sir, my revered father, William Purvis, of Charleston, S. C., was a loyal citizen of this country, and a true patriot. He died leaving an escutcheon without a stain. My father-in-law, James Forten, served this country in the Revolution of 1776, and suffered as a captive of war on board the British prison ship Old Jersey. He, too, died without a blot upon his memory. I, myself, have paid the taxes and borne the burdens of the Government without being allowed a share in its privileges. Of this I don't now complain. In bitterness of spirit, but with unwavering loyalty, I have been true to the country which has never ceased to injure me. I have hoped and labored for better things. I still hope and labor for better things, and don't complain. *But let me alone.* I elect to stay on the soil on which I was born, and on the plot of ground which I have fairly bought and honestly paid for. Don't advise me to leave, and don't add insult to injury by telling me it's for my own good; of that I am to be the judge. It is in vain you talk to me about the "two races," and their "mutual antagonism." In the matter of rights there is but one race, and that is the *human* race. "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth." And it is not true that there is a mutual antagonism between the white and colored people of this community. You may antagonize us, but we do not antagonize you. You may hate us, but we do not hate you. It may argue a want of spirit to cling to those who seek to banish us, but such is nevertheless the fact.

Sir, this is our country as much as it is yours, and *we will not leave it.* Your ships may be at the door, but we choose to remain. A few may go, as a few went to Hayti and a few to Liberia, but the colored people as a mass will not leave the land of their birth. Of course, I can only speak by authority for myself; but I know the people with whom I am identified, and I feel confident that I only express their sentiment as a body when I say that your project of colonizing them in Central America or anywhere else, with or without their consent, will never succeed. They will migrate as do other people, when left to themselves, and when the motive is sufficient; but they will neither be "compelled to volunteer," nor *constrained* to go of their "own accord."

Your obedient servant,
ROBERT PURVIS.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

THE WARFARE COMMENCED—HATRED RAMPANT.

The pent-up enmity to this distinguished and ever-faithful Senator begins to explode. As the Fall campaign approaches, and just as the Republican State Convention is to come off, we hear from those who have, in a sneaking and insidious manner, suffered no opportunity to escape when they could work mischief, and undermine the hold which Mr. Sumner has upon the people. They have professed that it was not for his "good works" that they were about to stone the champion of freedom, but because, in his defence of liberty for all, he made himself an Abolitionist. And what is lamentable in this heartless crusade is the fact, that Mr. Sumner's most determined opponents are those of his own household of political faith; and if he is defeated—may every righteous influence prevent it!—the sin of this defeat will lay at the door of the Republican party.

No paper—the Boston *Courier* not excepted—has evinced a more intense opposition to the reëlection of Massachusetts' dearest and truest son than the Springfield *Republican*. Its work of mischief early cropped out in inuendoes, slurs, and unmanly hits at the "impracticability," want of "comprehensiveness," and "lack of statesmanship" of the Senator from Massachusetts; but now the cloven foot sticks right out, and we see the *Republican* man just as he is. The mask is off, and we have the fellow in full view—"squat like a toad." In an article under the caption, "State Politics," in the last *Republican*, we find some general remarks in reference to the Worcester State Convention. Governor Andrew, we are told, will "walk over the course," because nobody "questions his patriotism," although he belongs to the "one-idea class." Of course, with the present feeling towards the noble Chief Magistrate, who has won laurels by his faithfulness, our "Mr. Editor" is ready to yield; and as to other State officers, there may be no "necessity for a change." So far, so good. But then, trouble is ahead. "There will be an *active* party in the Convention—a band of impulsive, loud-mouthed men—who will clamor for the virtual condemnation of the National Government." Hush all criticism! Remember, "the king can do no wrong." And then, these "impulsive men" are not "Democrats, but they are Republicans, thoroughly misled"; for, remember, they are foolish enough to think that the President has only to "proclaim universal emancipation to end the war"

As our trenchant editor proceeds, he grows fervid, and not a little pert. Hear him!—"We speak of things which we know, when we make these statements." And then, to show how heartily he repudiates all allusion to the vexed question of slavery, he says—"Now, we want none of this sort of talk at the Republican Convention." Perhaps he will be gratified. We advise him, however, not to be too sanguine on this point. Some troubler in Israel may treat him as the old lady did her boarders; she found out "what they didn't like, and gave them plenty of it." Her object was to get rich. Who can tell but that Republicanism may be enriched by the same mode of treatment?

But now comes the gist of the trouble that haunts the mind of our editor. The hatred will out. All thus far has been *general:* now, there is something in *particular*. Mr. Sumner is the offender who most afflicts the patience and large patriotism of this influential and widely-circulated paper. Witness what the editor says in closing the article referred to:—

"We do not know whether Mr. Sumner will feel called upon to make a speech at the Convention this year or not. It would be like him, we suppose, to attempt to drive through an endorsement of the policy announced last year, modified in such a manner as to indicate that Congress and the President had as yet done nothing. We hope he will attempt no such thing. Aside from an excellent speech on the Trent case, and his letter endorsing the President's honesty, we know of nothing that he has done during the past year to strengthen the Government and the confidence of the people in it. *He* has sympathized with, or led, that very well-meaning but most mistaken crowd who have apparently cared far more for the liberation of the negro than the salvation of the Republic—who have called for proclamations and not guns, and who have been thoroughly ill-natured because the President has refused to ride their pet hobby.

"And now that we are upon Mr. Sumner, let us state the substance of a rumor concerning him. It is known, of course, that his successor is to be elected by the next Legislature, and it is said, in connection with this fact, that he would not be averse to an exchange of places with Charles Francis Adams, and that Charles Francis Adams would not be averse to a change of places with him. For one, we wish to say here, that if such is the fact, we hope the people of Massachusetts will consent to it. Mr. Sumner is a brilliant man, but he is not an able legislator. No man who rides hobbies ever is, because everything is subordinate to the hobby. While Mr. Sumner would represent the nation most respectably and ably at the court of St. James, Mr. Adams would bring into the Senate not only all of Mr. Sumner's genuine hatred of slavery, but the practical ability to represent the interests of Massachusetts and to legislate wisely for the country. Mr. Adams is needed in Washington more than he is in Great Britain, and Mr. Sumner would do a much better work for America in England than he can do at home. The particular friends of Mr. Sumner could not object to this change. It would bring new honor to him, while Mr. Adams's transfer to the Senate would satisfy his anti-slavery friends.

"We bear Mr. Sumner no ill will, and we honor those friends who cling to him so devotedly. Such friends are also honorable to him, for no man can have such as he has without the possession of noble qualities. But we ask the people of Massachusetts whether they are satisfied to have him for the principal representative of Massachusetts in Washington, and their political leader at home. Have you not already treated him like a prince? What claim, beyond his ability to serve you, has he upon you? Are there not better men who wait your bidding to do that work well which he has done so poorly? Does not Massachusetts need—ought she not to have—more influence in our national councils than her representatives, both in the Senate and House, give her? Should we not seek improvement in every quarter?"

But the people will settle this matter. Whatever trade political tricksters may endeavor to make between Mr. Adams and Mr. Sumner,—and we are sure the latter gentleman will repudiate all such attempts,—we prefer, in behalf of the satisfied masses, to appeal from "Philip drunk to Philip sober." Can we so soon forget the recreant and treacherous speech and vote of Charles Francis Adams to *eternize* slavery in a territory so vast as New Mexico? Shall such a man succeed our noble Roman—our Herald of Freedom? No! a thousand times, No! If Mr. Sumner must be ostracised for his fidelity to God and man, Heaven grant that a less degenerate son of Massachusetts than now—must we say it?—graces the Court of St. James, may fill his place! No, gentlemen, pray refrain from your hurry in any such disgraceful trade. Besides, it may be an open question, whether we can, on other grounds, afford to lose a "brilliant man," at the mere careless suggestion that he is not an "able legislator." There are two opinions about this in Massachusetts, and a little demonstrative proof in the record of the past, that Mr. Sumner has at least a little claim to the affection of the people for the amount of *practical* work which he has accomplished at Washington. He may well be trusted to complete a mission so gloriously begun, and the verdict of the Old Bay State will no doubt bid him go forward.

G. W. S.

Milford, Sept. 7, 1862.

LETTER TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

MANSFIELD, Mass, Sept. 1, 1862.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER:

DEAR SIR,—I am induced to address you, in consequence of the deplorable state of this nation, caused by some three hundred thousand slaveholders, resolved to rule or ruin, because the free North did not see fit to fully submit to their dictation, and surrender up all our remaining liberties to their wishes. I am one who voted to make Abraham Lincoln President, thinking and believing that he was in favor of liberty and against slavery. Our Republican orators who electioneered for him told us so. But his acts, words, and non-intervention against slavery have sadly disappointed me.

President Lincoln, in his reply to Horace Greeley, says—"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it," &c. &c. So you see that President Lincoln has been trying, ever since the war commenced, to save both the Union and slavery. Now, as he has been trying all this time, at the expense of thousands of lives and millions of dollars, to save the Union without destroying slavery, and has not been able to effect it, but the cure appears to be more hopeless than ever, and has lately called for 600,000 more men to help do it, is it not high time for him to destroy slavery to save the Union? Or does he want to sacrifice another one thousand millions in further trying that unrighteous experiment?

Is it not time to try the experiment of issuing a proclamation of general emancipation—to set every slave in the land free, and thus take off the odium, the wickedness, of having the United States Government any longer sustain the abominable institution of human bondage? The President says, in his letter to Mr. Greeley, that if he could save the Union by freeing *all* the slaves, he would do it. Why does he not set himself about it? He seems to talk as if he was able to free the slaves, if he would only undertake it.

When I voted for Abraham Lincoln for President, I expected that if he were elected, he would govern the country without being under the influence of the Slave Power, as former Presidents have been; but I am disappointed. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan were governed by three hundred thousand slaveholders, but now President Lincoln is governed by less than thirty thousand of them, all belonging to the border Slave States. He appears not to regard the feelings and wishes of all the Abolitionists in the country, nor the four millions of slaves at the South, who are ready and willing to assist in putting down the rebellion, on the condition that they can have their future freedom; but the President will not accept of them, because the border Slave State union-with-slavery slaveholders are opposed to it! Is it not so? How long will the President be influenced by that small clique?

I feel earnest and anxious in this case. I want the rebellion crushed, and crushed in such a way that it will *stay crushed*. Can there be any other way to effectually crush it than to crush out the cause of the rebellion? The cause of the rebellion being slavery, then, in order to create a peace—a lasting, permanent peace—slavery must be destroyed, root and branch. Why is it, that after the expenditure of so much blood and treasure, with thousands and thousands of lives lost, our President is not ready or willing to effectually crush the rebellion by destroying the cause?

Mr. Sumner, I do not write to give you any information upon the subject, nor to dictate to you your duty; but I write because I, being an Abolitionist, and abhorring slavery, do not believe it to be a divine institution; and feel that *now* is the golden opportunity for the Government to strike the death-blow to slavery, while we are at war with the slaveholding rebels. I write, also, that you may know the opinions and feelings of one in the lower walks of life—one who has two sons in the Union army; and if they are killed in consequence of this do-nothing-effectual policy of the Government, I shall consider that they have been *murdered*—murdered by the Government; for if our Government had accepted the offer of colored men, and issued, at the commencement of the war, a proclamation of universal emancipation, and employed the slaves thus set free to help fight our battles, the war might have been closed up six months ago.

MANSFIELD, Sept. 8th, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—Since the preceding was penned, we hear of terrible reverses to our army on the battle-field, where the rebels claim the victory. Thousands of the noble sons of the Pilgrims lie dead and wounded on the scene of action—and for what? Because our President and Cabinet have not and will not make use of all the available means in their power to crush the rebellion. They have undertaken the job, in defiance of the will of Heaven, of crushing the rebellion and *saving slavery*, that it may curse future generations with its malign influence. Can they succeed? Is there not anti-slavery influence enough in the country to induce the President to change his policy, put his trust in God, do justice, love mercy, and take the iron heel of the Government from the neck of the down-trodden slave, and obey the scriptural injunction which requires him to let the oppressed go free, by breaking every yoke of bondage?

I hope, dear Sir, that you will appear at the State Convention in Worcester, next Wednesday, the 10th inst., and give us the benefit of a noble speech in behalf of liberty, as you did last year, although conservative politicians denounced your speech then, and may now; but please to remember that conservatism means pro-slavery, now as well as then.

The fact is, I think, we do not stand so hopeful in putting down the rebellion as we did one year ago.

Yours, with sincere respect,

ISAAC STEARNS.

FROM THE CHAPLAIN OF THE THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 3d, 1862.

DEAR LIBERATOR:

It is four weeks since we left Camp Stanton for the seat of war. I wrote you from Washington. Since that time, we have had hard fighting for three successive days near us, but we have not been in the fray. I wish to give you some of my impressions of camp life and of the war.

1. From all sides, we have evidence of the thorough *earnestness* of the Southern rebels in this struggle. The recent battles show it, as indeed do all their movements at the present time. With a celerity of movement never witnessed on our side as yet, they have massed their whole force at and near Manassas, where the first battle was fought, and with small supplies have fought with their whole energy through four days. The result is, that our army has fallen back upon the forts which command the Potomac and the approaches to the capital from the Virginia side, and the rebel army has suddenly disappeared, to turn up at some other point. On the other hand, we have raised and equipped an immense army, which has been handled without any definite and fixed policy thus far, to no purpose. I say to no purpose, because the Confederacy is stronger to-day by far than it was a year since. The statesmen of Europe may well look on this struggle, as we have conducted it, with utter bewilderment. The sentiment of the world is against slavery. Were we to make this a war for freedom, the enthusiasm of the world would be with us, and the Southern rebels would be disarmed; but this we have refused to do, and utter incompetency has ruled our armies. There is but one way of salvation—the way of justice. Give freedom to the black man, call the slave to our side, and we conquer at once. Still we go on, trying the old folly, and insuring disaster and defeat by so doing. Will not the people press the Government up to the true issue?

2. For four weeks, I have sought every opportunity of finding out the feelings of the colored people. I see many of them daily. He is blind who does not realize that they long for freedom, and that they will render invincible aid to our cause, if we will but allow them to do it. Notwithstanding the shameful injustice with which they have been treated in so many instances, they still cling to the hope that we shall call them to help us and be free. They prefer their freedom from us, rather than through emancipation by their oppressors. I had a conversation a few days since with a Kentucky clergyman. He avowed himself a slaveholder, but a Union man. He said Fremont's policy was the only one by which the rebellion could be suppressed; that now the slaves worked the plantations of the South (while the men were all away at the war) under the supervision of the women, who were the Quartermasters of the Southern army. He characterized the action of the Government towards the slaves as both infamous and desperately foolish. Is such folly to continue, and waste the new army as it has the old?

We came to Alexandria a week ago Sunday, under orders to join Sigel at Culpepper Court-House; but we could not be transported, and so we are here. For a week, Col. Maggi has kept guard over this drunken, secession city. He keeps the strictest discipline in his camp, and has enforced order in the city by a thorough search for liquor, and the rigid enforcement of the rule to destroy all that is found. He has turned out enough to float a seventy-four. By so doing, he has stopped the drunkenness which was so fearful and so common in the city among soldiers when we came here. Col. Maggi stays in camp with the soldiers, instead of going, as so many of our Colonels and Generals do, to the hotel, while their men are in camp. He watches over his men, and while he maintains strict discipline, he is affable and social. He is a thorough soldier, and will so lead the 33d Regiment that it will make its mark, if he has a chance. Whenever one of the boys of the old 21st, which he led at Roanoke, comes into our camp, as they now do occasionally, it appears at once what a strong hold Maggi takes of the soldiers under him. His inspiration is freedom, and his forte as a soldier Garibaldian common sense.

Truly yours,

DANIEL FOSTER.

LETTER FROM ANDREW T. FOSS.

YARMOUTH, Sept. 1, 1862.

My meetings on the Cape have been, for me, a great success. At Harwich, I spoke three times to good audiences—twice in Union Hall, and once in Mechanic's Hall. On Wednesday, I was invited by our excellent friend, Capt. Prince S. Crowell, to attend a war meeting in the town of Dennis. I did so, and on one of the pleasantest afternoons of the season, met in a grove a very large collection of people, male and female. I was invited to make one of the speeches. I did so, and tried to be faithful in bringing home the guilt of the war to their own doors, and to show them that its incalculable miseries were the fruits of their own doings. I told them that the history of the last twenty months had demonstrated that the doctrines and measures of the Garrisonians were founded upon the truth, and therefore conceived in an enlightened and statesmanlike philosophy. To this there was a hearty response. I was glad of so good an opportunity to set the truth before those to whom we never before have had access.

On the evening of the same day, I held a good meeting in Brewster. It was not largely attended, yet more were present than I ever had to hear me in that town before. I was heard with very earnest attention.

On Friday, I was sent for to attend a great war meeting at Harwich. I here spoke freely for one hour upon the issues between the *pro* and *anti*-slavery parties. I have no doubt that there was much dissent in the audience to my doctrines and positions; none, however, was manifested, and the responses seemed cheerful and hearty. On this evening, I attended my appointment in East Dennis. Here I met a very large audience, nearly filling the meeting-house. It was more than double the number I had ever met in that house before on a week-day evening. I thought I saw a deep and earnest anti-slavery feeling in the people.

On Sunday, I spoke in North Dennis. The Methodist minister kindly invited me to occupy his house. I spoke one hour and a half in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon, to a house full of very attentive people.

Here ends my tour of two weeks on the Cape; and my judgment is, that no two weeks of my anti-slavery life have been more profitably spent, and certainly none with greater enjoyment and satisfaction to myself. Yours, truly, A. T. FOSS.

MANCHESTER, (N. H.) Sept. 4, 1862.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—I believe you are acquainted with Rev. Wm. Hoisinton, of Ashtabula Co., Ohio. I wish, through the *Liberator*, to speak a good word for him to our friends in the West, where, I learn, he is now on a lecturing tour.

Friend Hoisinton, though blind, has, by rare industry and the advantage of a strong, clear mind, become one of the soundest and best lecturers on many scientific and moral subjects which the country affords. His lecture on ancient Egypt is of great value. I regard it better worth one hundred dollars than many of the lectures which I have heard for which that sum was paid.

I hope all our friends in the West will improve the opportunity to secure for themselves, and for others, the advantage of his excellent lectures.

Yours, truly, A. T. FOSS.

☞ To the commendation bestowed upon Mr. Hoisinton by Mr. Foss, we would add our own. He is a remarkable man, and worthy of extensive encouragement as a most intelligent lecturer.—[*Ed. Lib.*

TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

In excuse and justification of the Colonization scheme, it has been hitherto alleged, that the negroes would find a better home in Central America than their own in the United States; and even the President quite naively declared, that the people there were possessed of more humanity and less stupid prejudice of race than the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the model republic. Aside from the fact that such an argument is not sufficient to justify the Colonization measure, so destructive of the highest interests of the country, even this weak motive falls now to the ground; for, the "hearty reception" which was ostensibly to befal the free blacks and emancipated slaves from the United States in Central America, turns out to be only a pious wish, as little likely to be realized as other *pia desideria* of the President, who, since his official occupation of the White House, pursues his anti-slavery policy entirely in private. Two letters, which come from a respectable and trustworthy citizen of Chinandega, one of the chief cities of Nicaragua, give the following disclosures of the feeling in Nicaragua:—

"Among the natives of Nicaragua, considerable excitement prevails in regard to the scheme of prominent politicians in the United States, for the colonization of Central America by free negroes and emancipated slaves. *The people here will never allow such an immigration to be foisted upon them.* All citizens are at one on this point, and those who have negro blood in their veins are the bitterest opponents of the project. If the Government of Nicaragua has not already taken steps in the matter, it will certainly do so soon. When Capt. Griffin came here as agent of the Transit Company, the rumor spread that he had brought proposals for the colonization of the poor outcast negro race in Nicaragua. Scarcely was the report in circulation, when protests arose against it from every quarter. In this department, every man of position and influence wrote to the Government, entreating them to reject every proposition which Capt. Griffin might make on this head."

This letter, dated June 14, was followed by a second, on the 14th of July, which renders the impracticability of the colonization plans still clearer and more positive. It says:

"The people of Nicaragua regard with distrust the course which leading politicians in the United States have taken, in regard to the scheme of colonizing Central America with emancipated slaves. It finds a response with no one here. President Martinez thus expresses himself in a private letter to Chinandega: 'It will arouse the attention of all the Central American States, and *they will doubtless all in common oppose every measure of the kind which is calculated to retard the progress of the country.*' In the same letter, the President speaks of Nicaragua as a country which stands open to *white* immigration. He says: 'I earnestly desire that honest men should emigrate to this country, and fraternally enjoy with us the great resources of this favored region.' You perceive from this, that Nicaragua, though closed to negroes and emancipated slaves, is open to another sort of immigration. The climate and the soil of Nicaragua present indeed to white immigration many advantages. I would advise no one destitute of means to come here, but persons who possess a small capital and a knowledge of agriculture, can find no country which offers them greater advantages than Nicaragua.'"

According to this, there can be no arrangement with Central America, and the Blairites must, willingly or otherwise, accustom themselves to the thought, that that loyal populace which has so long lived and suffered in chains in the United States, will continue to dwell on the self-same soil when free and treated as human.—*Translated for the Liberator from Die (St. Louis) Neue Zeit, of Aug. 26.*

☞ A recent number of the *Boletin Official* of Nicaragua is highly indignant at the proposition to colonize a part of that country with freed negroes from the District of Columbia. It says: "We look upon such acts with the great horror which they deserve, as we never can consent to the realization of such a project, because it is not only an attempt to dispossess us of our soil, but also against the existence of our race; and we do not believe that the thought has entered any one's head that such an inundation of negroes could bring any good to Central America, but, on the contrary, the very worst imaginable evils."

PETITION TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

☞ The following petition to the President of the United States is to be found at the store of Messrs. Hovey & Co., 33 Summer street, and at some other large stores in Boston, for signatures. From the *Transcript*, we learn that an invitation has been extended to all the women of the United States to give in their names, and that signatures may be addressed to the Boston Post Office, box No. 2733.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

We the undersigned, women of the United States, who have freely given our brothers, sons and husbands to fight for their country in this deadly struggle, and who will seek every opportunity to aid, cheer and uphold them to the end—seeing our army, the flower and hope of the land, exposed to needless dangers and sufferings—do hereby ask of you, Abraham Lincoln, that you, as chief ruler of this nation, see to it that the strength which is needed against the enemy be not wasted by a foe within, and that you cause all negligent, incompetent, drunken, or knavish men, who, in the first hurry of selection, obtained for themselves weighty charges and posts of responsibility, to be at once sought out and dismissed; and that you give our precious soldiers in keeping to the most honest, the most capable, the most faithful, trusty, and zealous officers, both civil and military, that can be found in our land; so that we, waiting at home that issue which the God of battles alone can give, need fear for our soldiers no evils but those inseparable from war—need fear no inefficient or untrusty quartermasters, no careless, ignorant or drunken officers, no unskilful, unfeeling, or drunken surgeons.

We believe that a just severity to such offenders would greatly increase the efficiency of our army, and would strengthen the hands of government by securing the confidence of the people.

It would be welcome to all those officers and officials who are now working faithfully. It would be welcome to every one; for though men are prone to float on the frail platform of "Whatever is, is right," they rejoice when some bold hand breaks it in fragments under them.

We have entrusted to you all that we most value. We believe that you will care for it tenderly and conscientiously, remembering that of this host when one man suffers, many hearts bleed. We suffer willingly in the cause of civilization and humanity, and to maintain our national self-respect; we suffer willingly, but we look to you, our chosen ruler, that we do not suffer in vain.

☞ What the people are intensely yearning for, at this tremendous crisis, is energetically expressed in the following poetical effusion which appears in the New York *Tribune* of Tuesday:—

WANTED.

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
  Terrible words are thunder-tost,
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
  Full of revenge for battles lost!
  Hark to the echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan:
  "End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Give us a Man of God's own mould,
  Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
  At the stroke of a politician's pen;
  Give us the man, of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
  Give us a rallying-cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
  And to march and countermarch our brave,
Till they fade, like ghosts, in the marshes low,
  And the swamp-grass covers each nameless grave;
  Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye in Disaster's shameful van;
  Nor another to bluster and lie and rave;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Hearts are sorrowing in the North,
  While the sister rivers seek the main
Red with our life-blood flowing forth—
  Who shall gather it up again?
  Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
  Shall our offering be in vain?
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Is there never, in all the land,
  One on whose might the Cause may lean?
Are all the common men so grand,
  And all the titled ones so mean?
  What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread of bran,
  Of worthless metal a weapon keen?
Abraham Lincoln, *find* us a MAN!

"O, we will follow him to the death
  Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
O, we will use our latest breath,
  Cheering for every sacred star!
  His, to marshal us nigh and far:
Ours, to battle, as patriots can
  When a Hero leads the Holy War!
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Washington, Sept. 5, 1862.

THE LECTURE OF MR. WM. A. JACKSON, the escaped coachman of the famous Southern Confederate executive, with singing by the Meeting street choir, and a song also by the lecturer, came off last evening according to programme. The audience was not large, but intelligent and attentive, and manifested that interest and sympathy which the experience of the speaker and the present condition of the race which he represents are calculated to inspire. Mr. Jackson is evidently a man of much intelligence and shrewdness, and makes excellent use of the English language, considering his limited opportunities of cultivation and the short time he has been accustomed to address public assemblages. His representations of the present condition of his race, their expectations, what they are willing to undertake, and what they are able to perform, will undoubtedly have an effect in moulding the opinions of those whom he addresses upon the questions of public policy now agitated in reference to the colored population of the South. Mr. Jackson narrates in detail the manner of his escape from bondage, and gave many interesting reminiscences of his early life, the manner in which he acquired the art of reading, and the modes in which and the extent to which current news is circulated among his people at home. He avers that the slaves are fully cognizant of all the important events which are taking place in the country, and are watching with intense interest the bearing of those events upon the future condition of his race.

The names of Giddings, Fremont, and other distinguished persons, who are known champions of human freedom, are familiar to them as household words.

Since the breaking out of the rebellion, their opportunities for obtaining information have vastly increased, and universal expectation as well as intense desire for deliverance pervades the entire colored population of the South. To the direct question put by one of the audience as to whether, in his opinion, the slaves, if armed, would fight against their masters, Mr. Jackson responded unequivocally in the affirmative. He would do it himself, and he believed he expressed the opinion of his people generally. The reason they were not armed by their masters was, the apprehension of revolt from servitude. Many slaves were undoubtedly attached to their masters, but the inextinguishable desire for liberty now overruled all other sentiments, and sanctified any means necessary to render the attainment of their object certain. Mr. Jackson asserted the ability of the colored people to take care of themselves when free, from their habits of long industry with every variety of manual toil. He was not in favor of the colonization project of his own race, but thought the rebels should be colonized, and the blacks, the only loyal population of the South, left in possession of their native soil.—*Providence Press, Sept. 2.*

☞ Mr. Jackson delivered a similar address at the Tremont Temple, in this city, on Sunday evening last, to a full house, and was listened to with great interest and frequent applause.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION—LETTER FROM SECRETARY SEWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, August 14, 1862.

James N. Gamble, Esq., Cincinnati:

SIR,—I have received your letter, in which you express an apprehension of a deficiency of labor in the country, resulting from our large military operations; and you very properly speak of the desirableness, under present circumstances, of an increase of immigration. You observe, in this connection, that it would be important that persons proposing to emigrate, should have some official assurance that they would not be required to perform military service.

In reply, I have to observe that I, some time ago, instructed our representatives in foreign countries to make known, as well as they conveniently can, the lucrative rewards which the country is now offering to foreign emigrant laborers. I can hardly suppose that there exists, anywhere in the world, the erroneous belief that aliens are liable, here, to military duty. If you think otherwise, there will be no objection to your giving any publication you please to this communication.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WM. H. SEWARD.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE MASSACHUSETTS RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON earnestly renew their appeal for immediate aid.

In the recent deadly conflicts, the men of Massachusetts have fallen by hundreds.

Our wounded are fast filling the hospitals and private residences of this city and vicinity.

Their sufferings appeal for your sympathy; their wants demand instant relief.

Men, women and children of Massachusetts, give your aid!

For the Association,

GEO. WM. McLELLAN, *President.*

J. E. FORBUSH, *Secretary.*
GARDNER TUFTS, *Treasurer.*

N. B. The articles especially needed are, Clothing of all kinds, Bandages, Lint, Wine, Brandy, good Tea and Coffee, Sugar, Gelatine, and Crackers.

Stockings and Leather Slippers are in great demand.

Send money, by mail, to GEO. W. McLELLAN, *Second Assistant Postmaster General, Washington.*

Goods of all kinds to GARDINER TUFTS, *State Agent, corner Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh street, Washington.*

Washington, Sept. 1, 1862.

GEN. BUTLER RAISING A "COLORED" REGIMENT.

Late advices from New Orleans bring the following Order, which speaks for itself:—

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, Aug. 22, 1862.

General Order No. 63.

Whereas, on the 23d day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, at a public meeting of the free colored population of the city of New Orleans, a military organization, known as the "Native Guards," (colored) had its existence, which military organization was duly and legally enrolled as a part of the military of the State, its officers being commissioned by Thomas O. Moore, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the militia of the State of Louisiana, in the form following, that is to say:—

[Reciting the form of an officer's commission.]

And whereas, such military organization elicited praise and respect, and was complimented in General Orders for its patriotism and loyalty, and was ordered to continue during the war in the words following:—

[Reciting the General Order of Gov. Moore alluded to.]

And, whereas, said military organization, by the same Order, was directed to report to Major-General Lewis for service, but did not leave the city of New Orleans when he did:

Now, therefore, the commanding General, believing that a large portion of this military force of the State of Louisiana are willing to take service in the volunteer forces of the United States, and be enrolled and organized to "defend their homes from ruthless invaders"; to protect their wives and children and kindred from wrongs and outrages; to shield their property from being seized by bad men; and to defend the flag of their native country as their fathers did under Jackson at Chalmette against Packenham and his myrmidons, carrying the black flag of "beauty and booty";

Appreciating their motives, relying upon their "well known loyalty and patriotism," and with "praise and respect" for these brave men, it is ordered that all the members of the "Native Guards" aforesaid, and all other free colored citizens recognized by the first and late Governor and authorities of the State of Louisiana as a portion of the militia of the State who shall enlist in the volunteer service of the United States, shall be duly organized by the appointment of proper officers, and accepted, paid, equipped, armed and rationed as are other volunteer corps of the United States, subject to the approval of the President of the United States. All such persons are required to report themselves at the Touro Charity Building, Front Levee street, New Orleans, where proper officers will muster them into the service of the United States.

By command of Major-General BUTLER.
R. S. Davis, Captain and A. A. A. G.

A STIFF DOSE FOR THE REBELS.

NOTE FROM MAJOR CALKINS TO MAJOR WEED.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
LEAVENWORTH, Aug. 18, 1862.

Major T. J. Weed, Acting Assistant Adjutant General:

SIR,—I hereby request the privilege of placing in the camp of the 12th (colored) regiment, such persons of Secession proclivities as are arrested for refusing or evading obedience to the call for the militia of the city to organize and drill; the prisoners to be well guarded, and placed on such fatigue duty as may be required in and about the camp, and to be held till further orders.

I am, Major, respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. A. CALKINS,
Major 3d Wis. Cav. and Provost Marshal.

MAJOR WEED'S REPLY.

OFFICE OF RECRUITING COMMISSION,
DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS,
LEAVENWORTH CITY, Aug. 18, 1862.

Major E. A. Calkins, Provost Marshal:

SIR,—In compliance with your request contained in your note of this date, Captain J. M. Williams, commanding the 12th regiment Kansas volunteers, (colored,) has been ordered to receive, guard and discipline such prisoners as you may send to this camp. For your information, I enclose a copy of said orders.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. WEED, *Major and A. A. A. G.*

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S ORDER FOR THE NEGRO REGIMENT TO ACCEPT THE PRISONERS.

Special Orders, No. 9.

[Extract.]

V.—Captain J. M. Williams, commanding the 12th regiment volunteers, (colored,) is hereby directed to receive into the camp of said regiment, and strictly guard and discipline, all persons who may be delivered to him as prisoners, by the order of Major E. A. Calkins, Provost Marshal of this district.

By order of James H. Lane, Commander of Recruiting. T. J. WEED, *Major and A. A. A. G.*

ENROLLED CITIZENS. The papers which were so abusive in their comments on Gov. Andrew's enrollment order, make very poor work in trying to overthrow the reasoning of the Attorney General's letter. The New York *Journal of Commerce* says:—

"He quotes the law of the United States requiring an enrollment of 'all able-bodied male citizens,' &c., and then states with the utmost *sang froid* that 'all able-bodied citizens of *the respective States*' are to be enrolled under this law. It is plain enough to a child that when the United States orders an enrollment of citizens, it means citizens of the United States, and not citizens of the respective States."

We would recommend this critic to read the letter he is commenting upon; then he would see that the first act of Congress on this subject, passed May, 1792, requires that "each and every free able-bodied white male *citizen of the respective States*, resident therein," &c., shall be enrolled. So much for the editor's idea of what "is plain enough to a child," and for the rest of his wise remarks based on that dictum. The modifying law of 1862, of course, does not interfere with the scope and effect of the law of 1792, except where it is verbally indicated—and in this connection the only essential change is the omission of the word "white," descriptive of the class of citizens.—*Boston Journal.*

ARMING NEGROES. The citizens of New Bedford held a war meeting Monday afternoon, 1st inst., at which, after voting a bounty, Hon. Thomas D. Eliot proposed resolutions to the effect that "the rebellion is an insurrection of political slaveholders against republican institutions;" that "the power of slavery should henceforth be turned to the uses of freedom;" that the slaves of the rebels should be liberated, and as many of them as were willing, armed; and that while they still had unwavering faith in the honesty and patriotism of the President, they earnestly implored him to have faith in the people, and "go ahead." These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

NEGRO SOLDIERS. A gentleman of Winsted, Connecticut, having asked Governor Buckingham, whether he would authorize the formation of a regiment of colored men, the Governor replied:—

"It seems to me that the time may yet come when a regiment of colored men may be profitably employed. But now, if a company of that class should be introduced into a regiment, or a regiment into a brigade, (the regiment or brigade being composed of whites,) it would create so much unpleasant feeling and irritation that more evil than good would result."

The Providence *Journal* states that more than a sufficient number of colored recruits have been enrolled for a company, but that the uncertainty which hangs over the matter discourages a rapid organization. If it was a fixed fact that the regiment would be organized and go into service, it would be completed in a very short time.

COLORED RECRUITS. George J. Martin, Esq., took down to Leavenworth thirty colored recruits on Tuesday last, where they were regularly mustered into the service, armed and uniformed, and placed in the camp of instruction. Lieutenant Martin has a good prospect of soon filling up his company.—*Freedom's Champion, Atchison, Kansas.*

GENERAL J. H. LANE. This gentleman arrived in Washington on Thursday, and is at the Washington House. His recruiting operations in Kansas have been most successful. He has raised five white regiments, and organized 1,200 colored loyalists.

☞ On Tuesday, all the contrabands within the limits of Washington were put to work by the Government.

NEGRO REGIMENTS TO BE RAISED BY AUTHORITY OF THE PRESIDENT. The New York *Times'* Port Royal correspondent says, General Hunter's policy with regard to the negroes has been adopted by the President; that five negro regiments are to be raised, armed and uniformed for the service of the United States, and that 50,000 in addition are to be enrolled to be employed in the quartermaster's department nominally as laborers, but organized into companies and uniformed.

The exact time of commencing the work of enlisting colored regiments is not stated, but it is expected to be soon. Gen. Saxton's visit to Washington is for consultation on the subject.

We have private assurances, from a reliable source, that this statement is true. This shows that the President is advancing in the right direction. But the one effective, final step to be taken by him is to issue a proclamation for the total abolition of slavery, as a governmental duty and necessity. Let the people urge it upon him in thunder-tones!

WAR INTELLIGENCE.

A dispatch from Fortress Monroe, dated Saturday last, says that there is great excitement there in consequence of the report that the "Merrimac No. 2" had reached the vicinity of Newport News, and had an encounter with two of our gunboats, and had driven them before her. All the shipping there has been removed to a place of safety, but no fears of anything serious are entertained.

The rebels are pushing their way through Kentucky; they are in the Kanawha valley; their troops are threatening the Ohio and the cities on its banks; they are on the upper Potomac; their troops are invading Maryland.

The policy of the enemy is to hold Maryland, and then make their attack on Washington. They intend to come into Pennsylvania, not to hold the State, but to cut off communication from Washington.

On Friday, thirty of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry were taken prisoners and paroled on the Upper Potomac.

It appears that Frederick, Md., was actually occupied by the enemy on Saturday, five thousand strong, under Gen. Hill.

A single brigade with artillery could have prevented the rebels crossing on Thursday and Friday, but instead of that, nothing but a cavalry picket lined the river bank.

Gen. Pope left Washington on Saturday afternoon, for St. Louis, to take command of his new department.

A dispatch states that the fort at Winchester, containing twelve tons of gunpowder, has been blown up. It literally shook the earth for miles around. Nearly every window in the town was broken by the concussion. The plaster on the ceilings fell down. The enemy obtained no supplies. Our people burned the railroad depot at Winchester, with all the commissary stores.

The army has met with a great loss in the death of Gen. Kearney. He was the idol of the army, and is lamented by all. A great warrior has fallen.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10. Gen. Corcoran and officers of the 69th regiment waited on General Hunter yesterday, and expressed the hope that he would again lead them to battle.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—The appointment of General Banks to the command of the defences of Washington has given great satisfaction here. His modest and unassuming deportment, since he entered the military service, have won for him a popularity and public confidence next only to that accorded to Gen. McClellan.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10. The *Times*, to-day, publishes Gen. Pope's report of the recent battles in Virginia. He severely censures Fitz John Porter's conduct, but speaks in the most decided terms of the zeal and energy of McDowell, Banks, Reno, Heinzelman, Hooker and Kearney. He attributes the disaster of Saturday jointly to the bad conduct of Porter and the failure of McClellan to send him supplies.

☞ The following is an extract of a late speech delivered at Newport, R. I., by Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, upon the war:—

"I don't know what to think of the war. I don't know when it will end. But I will say, and perhaps I may be sent to Fort Warren for it,—('Go on,' said the Mayor, 'I will protect you')—that nothing has equalled the energy of the Rebels, except the weakness with which we have opposed them."

☞ Says the New York *Independent*:—Thus far the conservative North have been striving to conduct this war so as not to meddle with the so-called Southern rights of slavery. But, in spite of every scruple, events have crowded men to the necessity of confiscation and emancipation. There is one step more. It is the last sublime step towards national safety and national Christian glory. It is immediate and universal emancipation!

☞ Col. Webster was killed by a bullet which first passed through his left arm, and then struck his left breast, and went through his lungs, passing out of his right side. He must have died almost instantly. On Monday afternoon, the body lay in state in Faneuil Hall, and was viewed by thousands of citizens. On Tuesday forenoon, it was conveyed through various streets by an extended procession, both military and civil, to the Unitarian church in Summer street, where funeral exercises were held. Subsequently, it was removed to Marshfield for interment.

LONDON, Aug. 31. The *Moniteur* says that the insurrection which threatened to compromise the destinies of Italy has terminated. Garibaldi, after a very sharp contest, was compelled to surrender, and an Italian frigate was immediately ordered to convey him to Spezzia.

The blockade of the Sicilian coast has been raised.

☞ WANTED—A colored girl—one who has good references, and is competent to do general housework. Address Box 2744, Boston PostOffice.

August 29. 2w

☞ MERCY B. JACKSON, M. D., has removed to 695 Washington street, 2d door North of Warren. Particular attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children. *References.*—Luther Clark, M. D.; David Thayer, M. D. Office hours from 2 to 4, P. M.

☞ Letters for WILLIAM H. FISH should be addressed VERNON, Oneida Co., N. Y., whither he has removed.

MARRIED—In this city, Sept. 1st, at Joy Street Church, by Rev. J. Sella Martin, Mr. BENJAMIN DE SHIELDS to Miss ANNA M. H. WILLIAMS.

DIED—In Derby, (Eng.) on the 6th ult., GEORGE SUNTER, aged 71.

In Raynham, Sept. 4, suddenly, EDWIN F. HOWARD, adopted son of the late Mrs. Betsy St. Pierre, aged 20 years.

BRISTOL BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THIS School is located in the borough of Bristol, Pa., on the Delaware River, twenty miles above Philadelphia. It will open its fall session on 2d day, Ninth month, 1st.

Terms—$75 per session of five months.
For circular, address

RUTH ANNA PEIRCE, PRINCIPAL.

REFERENCES.

JAMES MOTT, Philadelphia.
ANNE CHURCHMAN, 908 Franklin street, Philadelphia.
C. N. PEIRCE, 501 N. Seventh street, Philadelphia.
HENRY W. RIDGWAY, Crosswicks, N. Y.
DAVID L. GRISCOM, Woodbury, N. J.
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Boston.

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

"I CANNOT MAKE HER DEAD."

I read the notice o'er and o'er,
So plainly did it say,
My friend *is dead*, and gone before—
I hardly see the way!
I know it told her name and place—
It is my friend, I said:
One thought I cannot yet efface,—
"I cannot make her dead."

Her outward form I may not see,
Or hear her tones of love;
And yet it does not seem to me
That she is all above!
I feel her presence all around,
And by her precepts led,
I cannot echo forth the sound—
"I cannot make her dead."

I think that she is ever near
Those loved ones she has left;
I think the lonely hours she'll cheer
Of those that are bereft;
And may the husband, child, and friend,
Who have that missive* read,
But think with them she sweetly blends,
And never "make her dead."

Hers was a love for all mankind,
The bondman and the free;
And yet they say that noble mind
But lives in memory;
That she but calmly rests and sleeps
In beauty overhead—
That earth no more in thoughts she keeps—
And I must "make her dead."

I know she lives, and labors still,
Earth-lov'd and honor'd queen;
Her works are guided by her will,
In gentle, noble mien;
And when they say, "We've bade adieu,"
I feel a coming dread:
I cannot, cannot think 'tis true—
"I cannot make her dead."

Brecksville, (Ohio,) Aug. 26. D. D.

* H. C. Wright's letter on the death of Hannah Webb.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE STORY OF AN OAK-TREE.

On Croton's plains, where Grecian youths
In silence learned immortal truths,
And wise Pythagoras taught the schools
That Freedom reigns where Justice rules:

On Croton's plains, in days of old,
Stout Milo roved a wrestler bold:
Whose brawny arm, as legends tell,
With one good blow an ox could fell.

And when this Milo dined, we read,
An ox would scarce his hunger feed:
So strong was he, so wide of maw,
His like, I think, the world ne'er saw.

In stalwart pride he strode the plains,
A tyrant grim o'er kine and swains;
And swung beneath Crotona's oaks,
A woodman's axe with giant strokes;

And day by day his wedges drove,
Until the goodliest oak he clove—
A lofty tree, whose branches spann'd
The broad, fair fields with foliage grand:

With foliage green, like sheltering wings,
O'er flowers, and fruits, and breathing things;
O'er swarming bees and nestling birds,
And laboring men, with flocks and herds.

The stars were clustered round its crest,
And sunbeams striped its blooming breast;
And under it, as well might be—
Pythagoras taught how souls were free!

But Milo, mustering strength perverse,
His wedges drove with scowl and curse,
Till, rending through the oak tree's side,
They clove its trunk with fissures wide;

And, yielding round those wedges black,
The huge tree quaked with thunderous crack,
Until, beneath their widening strain,
Its heart of oak seemed riven in twain.

Then Milo, in his madness, spoke:
"I think my strength can tear this oak!
These wedges I no more need drive—
My hands alone the trunks shall rive!"

With giant gripe, the oak to rend,
He bowed himself, as whirlwinds bend—
With furious tug and desperate strain,
To rive that goodly oak in twain;

Till, one by one, with loosening clang,
His iron wedges outward sprang,
And, narrowing its elastic strands,
The tough oak closed on Milo's hands.

It crushed him in its fierce rebound;
It shook each black wedge to the ground;
It lifted up its crest of stars,
And bade the sunbeams gild its scars!

I know not if Pythagoras spoke
To freeborn souls of Milo's oak;
But this I know—that, if there towers
Such oak-tree in this land of ours—

And if some impious hand should strain
To rend that goodly oak in twain—
Methinks I'd cry aloud, this day,
"In God's name, strike the wedge away!"

The wedge, that rent the strands apart—
The wedge, that fain would cleave the heart:
Strike out this wedge! and God will close
The Union's oak on Union's foes!

A. J. H. Duganne.

From the Independent Democrat.

"HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG!"

How long shall this dread hydra stand,
That makes the foe so strong?
How long shall Slavery rule our land?
How long, oh God, how long!

I know my country still is strong,
But "tremble" while I trust,
When I remember all her wrong,
And know that "God is just."

From many a home, both low and high,
Where peace alone should be,
Goes up a wailing, heart-wrung cry:
"My God, look down on me!

"Look down on those, of whose last sigh
No kindred tongue shall tell;
Who pine and waste, and rot and die,
In many a Southern cell!"

In Carolina's scented shade,
Where palm and fig-trees grow,
But death lurks dark in glen and glade—
My brother waits the foe.

And when his face, begrimed with gore,
With fancy's eye I see,
The agony I checked before
Goes shrieking up to Thee.

Must all the young, the good and brave,
Pour out their blood in vain,
And only find a nameless grave
Beneath some Southern plain?

Or shall we strike, while yet there's time,
Where blows are sure to tell,
And hear a glad, triumphant chime
Ring out Rebellion's knell?

Oh, teach us now to know Thy way;
Teach us thy law to heed;
And be my country's strength and stay
In this, her hour of need!

How long, oh Lord, shall this dread thing,
That makes the foe so strong,
Spread over us its deadly wing—
How long, oh Lord, how long!

A. F. S.

The Liberator..

SLAVERY, AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

No. I.

BY JOSEPH F. BRENNAN, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

I will first consider the general treatment of the slaves.

Having spent seventeen years in a Slave State, and having, during that time, travelled through the principal Slave States, spending more or less time, and noting more or less the peculiarities of each, I speak of nothing but what has come under my own personal observation, or that can be proven by the records and statutes of those States.

Although so recognized by the Constitution, the slave is not considered a person in the Slave States. He is simply a piece of property, as is a horse, a cow, or any other useful animal. He is, therefore, wholly subject to his master, and has no rights. Rights being attributes of *persons*, are not possessed by animals or things. All he enjoys is but a privilege. He may be damaged, but he cannot be wronged. However ill he may be treated, he cannot, in his own name, bring an action for damages, because in the laws of the State he has no name to distinguish him as a man. If a free man is on trial, and no one sufficient to prove that free man's guilt or innocence is within the knowledge of the Court, save a slave, that slave cannot appear as a witness. This fact establishes the custom among slaveholders to make it a point of honor not to believe any thing their slaves may say regarding the acts or movements or speech of their slaveholding neighbors. The slave's master may abuse him to the result of just leaving life in him. He has no redress. Of course, the instinct of hatred for barbarous cruelty in the breasts of that master's neighbors will cause them to frown upon his conduct; but no more effective redress has the slave. In fine, a slave is, to use the language of a celebrated jurist, "a property in the power of his possessor, to sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, his children; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire any thing but that it must belong to his master."

The idea of slavery is to use a man as a thing. The consequences of such a principle it is impossible to escape. Few men are normally cruel, even in the barbarous state; fewer still are normally brutal. There are many kind and considerate slaveholders, who endeavor to make their slaves happy and comfortable as it is possible for slaves to be. Such men know slavery is wrong; yet under even such men, slavery brings intense suffering, for, with such masters, the very privileges they allow their slaves are in their results calculated to injure rather than benefit them as slaves. License to obtain knowledge only results in the greater and more quickened sense of the degradation of his position to the slave. Hence, laws are enacted by Slave States making the education of slaves a penal offence. But the slaveholder's temptation to be cruel is too much for ordinary men. He knows his power is irresponsible, and the natural tendency of such knowledge is to beget cruelty. The whip is the certain medicine with the slaveholder for all the ills that negro flesh is heir to. If a slave disobeys, the whip; if he is idle, the whip; if he is sullen, or won't speak when he is expected to, the whip. The condition of the weak is bad enough everywhere, but when the strong own the very bodies of the weak, making and executing the laws as they will, it is not difficult to see to what excess the wrongs will amount—wrongs which can never be told. It is often said that the evils of slavery are exaggerated, that the slave, in most cases, is better off than the poor white man, that he has as much freedom as he ought to have, or that he knows what to do with. This is said by masters, and by many who are not owners of slaves. It is among the lowest class of the white population of the Northern cities that one mostly hears these expressions. They are based on no fact, and are but the offspring of a desire that those who utter them should have something beneath themselves in the scale of humanity. Of all the foreigners who land upon these shores, the Irish people are the most forward in the expression of these ideas. There is scarcely another nationality, whose people we receive in this country, and take by the hand as welcome to our political privileges, who do not despise and abominate slavery, as subversive of and antagonistic to the great principle they left the land of their birth to find here; but the Irishman, on the contrary, although in his own country he would treat the black man as his political equal, no sooner does he touch these shores than he is the most forward and loud-spoken advocate of slavery. To attain the erect position and privileges of a man, and release his neck from the oppressor's yoke, that for ten generations has bowed Irishmen to the ground, he seeks this land; and yet his first word, almost, and always his first vote, has been recorded on the side of oppression and wrong to another fellow-creature. The educated Irish gentleman, as a general thing, does not do this, but the great mass of Irish emigrants invariably do. Go on Boston Common today, and nineteen out of twenty of the Irishmen and their descendants born in this country with whom you will converse will say, "I will volunteer to fight for the stars and stripes, and the Constitution and the Union, but I'll not fight to free the bloody nigger." If you venture to remonstrate by saying that men of every color have rights beyond the beasts that perish, that the Declaration of Independence recognizes the most prominent of these rights to be "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," those Boston Irishmen will tell you, the negroes as slaves are better off than if they were free; if they become free, they will overrun the North, and reduce the price of labor to nothing at all—a poor man can hardly live by his labor now. To this I have replied—"'Tis true, there are some ten thousand black people and mulattoes in Massachusetts, but what brought them here? Was it not that they might be free and better their condition? What brought Irishmen to this country? Was it not that they might be free and better their condition? If an Irishman had the same benefits and privileges in his own country he expected to have here, would he have come here? No. An Irishman loves the spot where he was born, and in that love he is but true to his humanity. If a black man could have the same privileges in the Slave States as a freeman, he would not desire to come here; and were there no slavery in the Southern States this day, not only would there be far fewer black men in the North than there are, but the feelings now entertained for black men would not in a few years be known. Finally, a Boston Irishman will tell you, and with the air of having used an argument, "Well, I don't care if you do free them, if you will send them back to Africa, where they belong." This is as absurd and unjust, however, as the rest of his objections. Since 1818, the African slave trade has been considered, if it has not until the past year been treated, as piracy, kidnapping and robbery on the high seas. Some few Africans have been brought to this country since then, but it is safe to say that not one per cent. of the present slave population of America were born in Africa. If every man of slave parentage who has been born in America since 1818 must be considered African, every man of Irish descent born here since then ought to be considered Irish; yet they are not, and no one talks of sending them back to Ireland, where they belong. All the men, of every color, who will be left after this war is over, will be needed; and I believe, by that time, so completely will the people of America be united, that we shall not soon again know any country or color but Americans; black, white and yellow only being known as terms of distinction in a social point of view.

How is it that Irishmen are not found so numerous where the negro is a slave, as they are found in the Free States? It may be answered, that the climate does not agree with nor favor the emigration of Irishmen to the South, and hence we have never heard of a shipload of Irish emigrants arriving in the ports of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or New Orleans. But that is not it. The real reason is, an Irish laborer is considered of less value in a Slave State than a slave—ay, of even less value than a free black man. During the palmy days of the Union, that is, during the past fifteen or twenty years, Irishmen could be found, and Irishmen only, working upon the railroads of the Slave States. Wherever there is any digging to be done, you will be certain to find Irish laborers, as they are the best spademen in the world. If you would, on the ground, ask a slaveholder, as I have, why he had Irishmen at work upon his contract on the road, instead of his slaves, he would tell you—"An Irishman is worth nothing to me, except the profit on his day's work. If I put my negroes on that work, bad whiskey, which they will drink, and the malaria of that cypress swamp, will kill them, sure. Every negro man I own is worth from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. Let one of them die, that money is dead loss. Let an Irishman die, I lose nothing—not one cent. There is another to take his place next day, and glad of the chance. Ah, my wondering friend, Irishmen are the cheapest labor in the world!" Would it not be wise for Irishmen to begin to believe that they are or ought to be as good and valuable as a slave, instead of by their votes and their speech upholding an institution they think puts a class of the people below them?

This is not the manner with the other great branch of our foreign-born population. In the Southwestern States, where the Germans have mainly gone since 1848, they are found voting to a man for Lincoln or Fremont, under the supposition that if one or the other were elected President, slavery, which they hate, would be abolished, and as a consequence, they are as cordially hated by slaveholders. In the Know-Nothing riots of 1856, in Louisville, Ky., there was no foreign-born man hunted or cursed with one-half the animosity the Germans were. They have not forgotten it. They know from whose lips these curses mainly proceeded. They will never forget it, until slavery no longer exists in the land. When Buckner threatened to invade Louisville from Bowling-Green, he sent word that the American-born population, and particularly the slaveholders, with their slaves, need have no fear of violence; but as for the Irish, and particularly the accursed Dutch, they might say their last prayers, for it would be short work with them. Is it to be wondered at that the boat which brought him a prisoner from Fort Donelson should have stopped at Evansville in Indiana, and he sent by railroad to Fort Warren? Let two children quarrel at play in Louisville, the one of German and the other of slaveholding parentage, and the passer-by will at once be made aware, by the language of the slaveholder's child, of the native difference, if no other, that is between them.

In the most important of all relations among human beings, that of husband and wife, neither law nor—but to a slight degree—custom, gives protection to the slave. By the laws of Louisiana, all children born of slaves are reckoned as illegitimate—marriage being prostitution, neither sacred nor permanent in the eyes of Church or State. As by the admixture of white blood which unlimited license in such a state of society occasions, the whiter the slave the more valuable, what would, in civilized communities, be termed seduction, punishable by law, is in the Slave States encouraged, as profitable to the slaveholder; and nearly every isolated plantation family of a Slave State finds in the offspring of the slaves evidence of the fall from virtue of the male members and visitors of the family. So much is this the rule, that it is the exception to find a young man attain to the marriageable age, who has not become a father to one of his own slaves, and, of course, the seducer of another. The mulatto is more valuable than the pure black. There are parts of the South where masters own slave children as white as themselves. Girls, the children of mulatto slaves, are sold at a high price, to stock the seraglios of large cities, such as New Orleans, Charleston, &c. &c. Under the worst of the Roman Emperors, this outrage was forbidden, and the prefect of a Roman city gave such slaves, when discovered, their freedom. But it is not rare to find, in Christian, Republican America, parents selling their own children for the purpose of this abuse.

After the formal and legal abolition of the African slave trade, it became more profitable to breed slaves for sale in the border slaveholding States. In those States, the labor can be performed with few hands, and the slave women were taken from the field and housed for purposes of increase. It would be curious to ascertain the exact annual amount of money derived by the slaveholders of these States from this traffic, but as the facts are not required by law to be published, I shall not venture on an estimate. In this traffic, every tie that binds the families of slaves together are rudely severed. In 1836, the Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky took formal notice of this grievance. "Brothers and sisters," it said, "parents and children, husbands and wives, are separated by public sales of negroes." The affections are proportionally stronger in those who have no other tie to bind them together. These separations are therefore the more cruel, but they are the inevitable result of the system. Put up under the auctioneer's hammer, the buyer consults but his own interest in the purchase. What to him is the tie that binds a mother to her child, or the husband to his wife? Such ties are not recognized by law, either of Church or State.

So much for the condition of the slave. The effect of slavery upon the industry of that portion of the nation wherein it exists next claims attention.

REPLY TO THE PRESIDENT,

BY THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NEWTOWN, L. I.

At a mass meeting of the colored people of Newtown, L. I., held on the 20th ult., the following reply to the President's Address on Colonization was read and adopted:—

We, the colored citizens of Queen's Co., N. Y., having met in mass meeting, according to public notice, to consider the speech of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, addressed to a Committee of Free Colored Men, called at his request at the White House in Washington, on Thursday, Aug. 14, 1862, and to express our views and opinions of the same; and whereas, the President desires to know in particular our views on the subject of being colonized in Central America or some other foreign country, we will take the present opportunity to express our opinions most respectfully and freely, since as loyal Union colored Americans and Christians we feel bound to do so.

First. We rejoice that we are colored Americans, but deny that we are a "different race of people," as God has made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth, and has hence no respect of men in regard to color, neither ought men to have respect to color, as they have not made themselves or their color.

Second. The President calls our attention particularly to this question—"Why should we leave this country?" This, he says, is perhaps the first question for proper consideration. We will answer this question by showing why we should remain in it. This is our country by birth, consequently we are acclimated, and in other respects better adapted to it than to any other country. This is our native country; we have as strong attachment naturally to our native hills, valleys, plains, luxuriant forests, flowing streams, mighty rivers, and lofty mountains, as any other people. Nor can we fail to feel a strong attachment to the whites with whom our blood has been commingling from the earliest days of this our country. Neither can we forget and disown our white kindred. This is the country of our choice, being our fathers' country.

Third. Again, we are interested in its welfare above every other country; we love this land, and have contributed our share to its prosperity and wealth. This we have done by cutting down forests, subduing the soil, cultivating fields, constructing roads, digging canals. We have, too, given our aid in building cities and villages, in building and supporting churches and schools. We have aided in procuring its mineral resources, as coal, iron, and the precious metals; helped in the construction of railroads, bridges, telegraph lines, steamboats and ships; assisted in cattle-breeding, raising various kinds of produce, as corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, cotton, rice, tobacco, the leading staples of the country, &c. In these ways, and many others too numerous to be named here, have we aided the nation in her growth and progress, and contributed to her general prosperity.

Fourth. Again, we believe, too, we have the right to have applied to ourselves those rights named in the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are born free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"—rights which we have derived from the Creator,—since we helped to gain our country's independence, under Washington, on her battle-fields as well as in the corn-fields, and we helped to maintain the same in 1814 under General Jackson at New Orleans, and are willing and ready even now to fight our country's battles against slaveholding traitors and rebels, who are slaying thousands of freemen, and seeking the very life-blood of the nation; and we hope and believe that the time is not far distant when, instead of being called upon to leave our country, the loyal and just people of the country will pass judgment on the men who stopped the million of our brave hearts, strong arms and willing hands, desiring to fight our country's battles in her most trying hour and sorest need. While bleeding and struggling for her life against slaveholding traitors, and at this very time, when our country is struggling for life, and one million freemen are believed to be scarcely sufficient to meet the foe, we are called upon by the President of the United States to leave this land, and go to another country, to carry out his favorite scheme of colonization. But at this crisis, we feel disposed to refuse the offers of the President, since the call of our suffering country is too loud and imperative to be unheeded.

Again, the President says that Congress has placed a sum of money at his disposition for the purpose of aiding the colonization of the people of African descent, or some portion of them, in some country; therefore making it his duty, as it had been a long time his inclination, to favor that course. Our answer is this: There is no country like our own. Why not declare slavery abolished, and favor our peaceful colonization in the rebel States, or some portion of them? We are all in favor of this, and we believe the majority of those who elected you to the office of the chief magistrate of the nation are in favor, also, of this measure. We believe that this would be a wise and just policy, and would receive the approbation of God and all good men. We would cheerfully return there, and give our most willing aid to deliver our loyal colored brethren and other Unionists from the tyranny of rebels to our Government.

We colored people are all loyal men, which is more than any other class of people in the country can say. There are Yankee, English, Scotch, German and French rebels, but no colored rebels; and let us add, Mr. President, that no one suffers by our presence but rebels and traitors: and if we were permitted to fight our country's battles, and an army of colored men were permitted to march into those rebel States, well armed and equipped, we believe, with your Excellency, that the rebels would suffer from our presence, but the Union would be saved without spades and shovels.

Congress has also passed the Confiscation and Emancipation bill. Now, if the President is disposed to give the colored people the benefits guaranteed by that bill, and declare the Rebel States Free States, we would colonize ourselves in our native States, without the aid of the Government, and the President might use the money to defray the expenses of the war.

In conclusion, we would say that, in our belief, the speech of the President has only served the cause of our enemies, who wish to insult and mob us, as we have, since its publication, been repeatedly insulted, and told that we must leave the country. Hence we conclude that the policy of the President toward the colored people of this country *is a mistaken policy.*

"THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

It is not possible for any man to be a true friend of his country, without being a foe to slavery; for there can be no permanent peace to this nation while slavery lasts. Out of slavery comes this war, as naturally as lightning comes from the cloud; and any attempt to end the war without terminating slavery would be like covering up a volcano which must inevitably burst forth in the future, carrying devastation and destruction before it with accumulated fury.

Fire and gunpowder can as harmoniously exist together as slavery and liberty. The two elements are as totally irreconcilable, and must forever so remain. It is "the irrepressible conflict," which, from a war of words, culminates in a war of swords. This collision, this antagonism, *must* exist, while God is God and man is man. How sad it is, that the slaveholder cannot see that it is to his highest and best interest, and the interest of all concerned, that the slave should go free!

The voice of the great God from the opening heavens bids this nation "Go forward to the land of promise, to the land of freedom and righteousness." The innumerable hosts of angels, the spirits of the just and the good in all lands and all worlds, repeat the glorious mandate, assuring us, with soul-stirring pathos and deep solemnity, that there is no way out of the wilderness of our nation's woe, except through a mighty resolve to obey God and to do justice to man. If the nation hardens its heart, and will not let the bondman go, how can it hope to escape the proud and haughty Pharaoh's doom? If it persists in its course of injustice and wrong, if it is bent on filling up its cup of iniquity to the very brim, how can it otherwise than tread in agony the wine-press of inevitable retribution?

On the other hand, if it cease to do evil and learn to do well, if it wash its hands of the blood of oppression, its light will break forth as the morning; it will become a "repairer of the breach, a restorer of paths to dwell in." If it will thus do, a golden destiny awaits it; for it will become the "Queen of Nations," the "Mountain of the Lord," on which will be erected the temples of Freedom, the altars of Justice, and the habitations of Righteousness. Oh for the advent of that happier day, when the sun shall look smilingly out from "the windows of morning" upon a land where no slave shall clank his chains, nor war-horse tramp the plain; but where Love shall reign, and the angels of Peace and of Beauty sit smiling on the mountain-tops! May the Lord hasten that blessed hour!

MILO A. TOWNSEND.

New Brighton, Pa., Aug. 15, 1862.

"CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL."

Was there ever before a people so given over to strong delusions and the belief of lies as we? I do not refer specially to deceits practised by our servants at Washington, but am looking nearer home. In our own city, I have heard the preacher in his pulpit solemnly call on Almighty God to consign to everlasting perdition any one allowing fugitives to be given up to their masters; and the poor soldiers of our 34th, many of whom were present there, were deeply affected, some of them even to tears. Afterward, I saw the same preacher, in the Mechanics' Hall, cheering for "father Abraham," the Commander-in-Chief, without whose consent these dark deeds of crime against God and his poor would not have been possible. What matters it that our brave boys are, many of them, true and conscientious? They swear to "observe and obey the orders of the officers appointed over them," and it is not for them to resign or to stand upon points of "higher law." We have bread and water, and ball and chain for such. Why must he be cast down to hell, and the man who declared Hunter's order "absolutely void" be applauded?

Again, our Governor, at a recent camp-meeting, declared—"I am not disposed to be superstitious, but I solemnly believe the blessing of God has been withdrawn from our cause from the moment Gen. Hunter's order was annulled, and that it will not again rest upon us till we change our course." This is the substance, as I had it from a reliable man who heard him; and the words are awfully true. What are we doing, then, the Governor being witness, but fighting against God as well as Jeff. Davis? Does he propose to gather up the resources of the State, and draft her young men, to be hurled at the traitors in a God-forsaken cause? We go down there in all our unrepenting pride, hating and scorning the victim we have helped oppress so sorely and so long; and so sure as there is justice in the universe, we shall be flung back bleeding and broken.

We deserve all this. We ought to tread the wine-press alone, and fight out the freedom of the oppressed race, for the wrong we have helped inflict; but we need not therefore refuse the help of those ready to help us—of our only true friends in the South. But what is the nation doing? Drafting white men, and instead of accepting black volunteers, amusing itself with the silly babble of colonization! My counsel to the blacks of the North is, Organize and drill, and you shall be aided to arm. Not the wisest can read our future. You may need to defend yourselves; for if the head of the nation talks of *expatriation*, we need not wonder if the tail thereof talks of *extirpation*.

A. P. B.

MR. LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MR. GREELEY.

Behold a new thing under the sun! a President of the United States descending into the arena of journalism, and writing a letter in defence of his policy in reply to a distinguished Editor!

Some days ago, Mr. Greeley, who, in common with the great and powerful party which he represents, has been impatient of the slowness of the administration, especially in its action upon slavery, felt constrained to addres himself directly to the President, which he did in a letter published in the *Tribune*. Of course, he did not write with the expectation of an answer, but merely to give a more pointed form to his remonstrance; and probably no one was more surprised than he at seeing, a day or two after, a formal reply to it published in the *National Intelligencer*, under the signature of Abraham Lincoln!

The thing is novel, and the first thought of many will be, that it is a great sacrifice of dignity on the part of a President thus to stoop to defend himself and his policy before the bar of public opinion. Presidents, like Kings, are apt to entrench themselves behind their office, and deign not a word in explanation of their sovereign acts. This may be very dignified, but it does not show very profound sagacity. A President may be, at least for the time being, a great man, but the People that chose him is greater than he, and no elected ruler can afford to despise the murmurs of popular discontent. Even Louis Napoleon, the wisest statesman of Europe, has not disdained to write letters in his own defence, letters evidently intended for the public eye. And Mr. Lincoln, we think, in this blunt and straightforward course, has not lowered himself in the estimation of any whose good opinion is worth having. He has rather increased our respect by throwing aside all false pride, and listening only to the promptings of his common sense and of his honest heart.

Nor are we awed by the difference between the parties. An Editor, writing in an attic, certainly seems a much less imposing personage than a President in the White House. But the Editor may have made the President. Our journalists are a great power in the land. They make Governors and Presidents. Mr. Lincoln may be a very great man; but, certainly, until his canvas with Mr. Douglas for the Senatorship of Illinois, he did not fill a large space in the public eye. And, indeed, until he became a candidate for the Presidency, no man would pretend that his name had a tenth of the power in American politics that belonged to that of Horace Greeley. And no man knows better than Abraham Lincoln how much he owes his present position to the Editor of the *Tribune*. Indeed, both friends and foes being witnesses, he would scarcely have been a candidate for the office but for Mr. Greeley. We do not think, therefore, that it is a very great act of condescension in the President to recognize the man who did more than any other to place him where he is, and when addressed in a formal letter, to make a respectful answer.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

ANOTHER OFFER OF COLORED MEN.

By the following correspondence between Mr. W. E. Ambush of this city and Gov. Tod, (says the Cleveland, Ohio, *Leader*,) it will be seen that another offer, differing somewhat from those hitherto made, has been tendered to Gov. Tod, of colored men, to do a part of the duties now devolving upon the soldiers of Ohio. The offer is, that one or more regiments of colored men be raised to do guard duty at Johnson's Island and at Camp Chase, relieving the well-drilled and trained troops now at those points, for more active duty in the field. In this way, there would be no opportunity for the cavilling of those soldiers who would be prejudiced against going into the field in company with colored men, while at the same time the loyal blacks could do good service for their country. The offer was made in good faith, and we cannot but think that Gov. Todd would more exactly coincide with the wishes of the people of the State, if he would mount guard over the rebels with these colored troops. Gov. Sprague takes them into the field, and surely we need not be too considerate of the feelings of the imprisoned rebels to refuse to put negroes on guard. But the Governer does not consider that he has the authority to accept these men, and so we must be content to wait until that authority is clearly given by the General Government:

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 7, 1862.

To His Excellency David Tod, Governor of the State of Ohio:

HONORABLE SIR: I hope you will pardon the oftenmade overtures to you from the colored citizens or men of Ohio, and more particularly those of Cleveland and this county, wishing to render their services to you, and for the benefit of the country, to suppress the great calamity which now threatens the peacefulness of this great Republic; and knowing that there has been a direct repudiation of our services, rendered both on the part of the government of Ohio and of the government of the United States, notwithstanding, knowing that you have at Camp Chase and Sandusky two or more regiments of well-drilled men, and knowing that their services could be used for better purposes than guarding rebel prisoners, therefore we heartily offer to you two or more regiments of colored men for that purpose, and we will assure you that no one of them shall escape; and we will discharge any duty imposed upon us as soldiers and appertaining to camp duty. And, in our judgment, we could not offer any more severe rebuke to the rebel master, and no more than has been practised upon our Union men in New Orleans; and, therefore, we pray your consideration and reply.

Respectfully yours, W. E. AMBUSH,
Post-office Box, No. 86.

[For reference, inquire of any citizen of Cleveland.]

COLUMBUS, Aug. 9, 1862.

Mr. W. E. Ambush, Box 86, Post-office, Cleveland, Ohio:

SIR—The Governor thanks you for your generous proposition of the 7th inst., but thinks he has not the legal authority to accept the regiments to which you refer.

Truly yours, G. I. YOUNG,
A. D. C. to Gov. Tod.

LETTER FROM THE NEGRO ROBERT SMALLS. Robert Smalls, the negro pilot who brought the rebel steamer Planter out of Charleston and delivered her to our naval forces, publishes the following letter in the Washington *Republican*:—

MR. EDITOR,—In your paper of yesterday, it is stated that an application had been made by me to Senator Pomeroy for a passage to Central America. I wish it understood that I have made no such application; but, at the same time, I would express my cordial approval of every kind and wise effort for the liberation and elevation of my oppressed race.

After waiting, apparently in vain, for many years for our deliverance, a party consisting of nine men, myself included, of the city of Charleston, conferred freedom on ourselves, five women and three children; and to the Government of the United States we gave the Planter, a gunboat which cost nearly thirty thousand dollars, together with six large guns, from a 24-pounder howitzer to a 100-pound Parrott rifle.

We are all now in the service of the navy, under the command of our true friend, Rear Admiral Dupont, where we wish to serve till the rebellion and slavery are alike crushed out forever.

☞ Rev. Mr. French, who has just returned from Port Royal, states that there were nearly sixteen thousand colored men within our lines in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. They state that the feeling is general amongst the slaves that the day of their deliverance has come.

DESECRATION OF A GRAVE YARD. A great outrage was committed at Rutland on Saturday. Thirty-two of the best and most costly monuments in the grave-yard, in the western part of the village, were overturned, and many of them grossly mutilated and broken, and all damaged more or less. Monuments costing from over one hundred to four hundred dollars were so injured as to be nearly worthless.

THE OLDEST BUILDING IN BOSTON. Workmen are engaged in taking down the old building opposite the Old South Church, 206 years old, and the public are informed that pieces of the frame, from oak grown near the spot, may be found up stairs.

☞ Gen. Joseph Wright, of Indiana, was recently speaking at Rockville upon the propriety of employing negroes in this war, when a Democratic "copperhead" called out from the audience, "We have men enough white men to finish the war." "Yes, I know it," replied the Governor, "but they are not all of the right sort."

THE DRAFT IN MASSACHUSETTS. Drafting in this State has been postponed till Wednesday, Sept 17th, the enrollment lists for the State not being fully completed.

Commodore Vanderbilt intends to establish a school for the young of both sexes on Staten Island, and to endow the same so that its support will be always assured.

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"Written by a Conservative, an Old-Line Whig, and a voter for Douglas, the book shows no trace of the bitterness which too often colors the accounts of more radical men. Personally, its representations are rather favorable to the slaveholder, and, therefore, the facts narrated show the system in even darker colors."—*New Englander for July, 1862.*

"We may sum up all in one emphatic assertion, to wit: That since 'Uncle Tom' thrilled the public of America and Europe with its life-like portraitures and impressive dramatic scenes, such as no artist in modern play or 'Old Mortality' had written, no work on slavery, no work on Southern social life, has been given to the public, which can at all be compared to Mr. Kirke's 'Among the Pines.'"—*Gazette, Pittsburg, Pa.*

"As a vivid picture of life in the Carolinas, we are disposed to give this book the palm over all others."—*Daily Advertiser, Boston.*

"There is not to be found another so absorbing a description of the effects of slavery upon the master, the slave, and the poor white man, as is this. It is invaluable for general circulation among the people."—*Republican, Taunton, Mass.*

"Without any exception, it is the most graphic and pleasing sketch of Southern life and manners ever printed in America."—*Weekly Dispatch, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

"As a picture of Southern life, it is graphic and admirable in its character. Its value consists in its fidelity; and the interest of these comes from the peculiar vividness with which they are presented to the eye and mind."—*Home Journal, New York.*

"Here is a book which will be read with deep interest at the present time. The style is vivid, and the picture sketched true. The writer lays open the secret springs of secession. Such a work helps us to know the South."—*Recorder, Boston.*

"Written with vigor—a most readable book—and one gets from it a good idea of the state of feeling at the South at the time the rebellion broke out."—*Sentinel and Times, Bath, Me.*

"A singularly truthful picture, executed throughout in a masterly manner. Of the many books that aim to delineate plantation life—the relation of master to slave, and slave to master and to each other—the emotions and passions which the situation summons to extraordinary action, and all the strange, touching, and tragic issues that a terrible a domination and so fiercely enforced a submission engender, there is none—no, not one—which can for a moment compare with it. It is the ardent South, with all the wonderful accuracy the daguerreotype can give it; and, moreover, it is the South in secession time."—*Gazette, Taunton, Mass.*

"The story is clear and terrible, with the lurid light of the passions, miseries and violences that grow out of slavery. It is a simple and faithful account of things that actually happened—a striking and truthful portraiture of slave society—a powerful and even painful story."—*Independent, New York.*

"A work which will be read and remembered as more original and suggestive, in idea and purpose, and more dramatic in execution, than any issue of the press since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"—*Norfolk County Journal, Roxbury, Mass.*

"The admirable style in which the narrative is written, the evident familiarity with Southern life and character which it exhibits, and the marked indications of life-like truthfulness that appear, render it a noteworthy and impressive work."—*Buffalo Express.*

"In romantic interest and life-like delineation of Southern life, it excels 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"—*Mirror, Bloomington, N. Y.*

"'Among the Pines' is full of graphic and dramatic power, full of thrilling scenes, full of strong truth, and belongs to that school of writing in which great facts are elucidated by simple narrative."—*Democrat and American, Rochester, N. Y.*

"It has had no equal since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' In variety and correctness, it is superior to that."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"Mr. Kirke knows the South and its people as well as any one living. He is neither an Abolitionist nor a proslavery man, but rebellion made him a writer. His characters have distinct individuality, and have lived—many of them are still living."—*Press, Philadelphia.*

"It combines the accuracy of Olmstead's works with the thrilling interest of 'Uncle Tom.'"—*Continental Monthly.*

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"It contains the most vivid and life-like representation of a specimen family of poor South Carolina whites we have ever read."—*E. P. Whipple, in the Boston Transcript.*

"One of the most attractive works ever published, and embodying only facts."—*C. C. Hazewell, in the Traveller, Boston.*

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"If anybody desires to know what slavery is, and what slaveholders and their negroes are, let them read this work. The author tells his story in a superb way. We do not see how it could be told better."—*Home Monthly, Boston.*

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